The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

DECEMBER (1925)

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Vol. VII, No. 11

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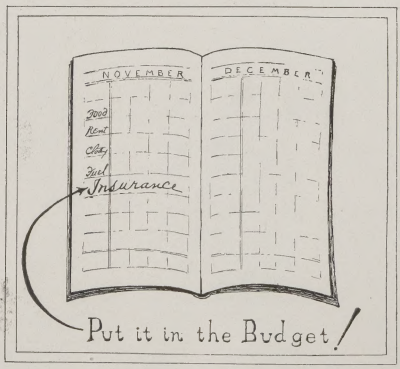

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Entered as Second Class Mail, July 27, 1919, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Read Everywhere by Everybody Who's Anybody"

The Messenger

World's Greatest Negro Monthly
Published Monthly by the
MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO., INC.
2311 Seventh Avenue, New York
Telephone, Bradhurst 0454

Editors:
A. PHILIP RANDOLPH and CHANDLER OWEN

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Back numbers not over three months old, 25 cents each; over three months old, 50 cents each.

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All manuscripts submitted must be typewritten on one side of the sheet. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return envelope and postage.

Vol. VII DECEMBER, 1925 No. 11

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"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

SOUTH CAROLINA

By KELLY MILLER

The writer was not born in the United States; he was born in South Carolina when that state was out of the Union. South Carolina is the stormy petrel of the nation. She arouses the nation's wrath, and rides upon the storm. There is not a dull period in her history. Calhoun threatened nullification; the iron resolution of Old Hickory nullified the threat. She was the first to secede from the Union, and the slowest to recede from the secession. Her fiery son, Preston Brooks, struck down Charles Sumner on the floor of the Senate; his defiant constituency returned him in triumph to his seat in the House of Representatives. She was forced to taste of the bitter cup of reconstruction; but was the first to wash the bitter taste out of her mouth. She sent Benjamin Tillman to the Senate who boastfully denounced and defied the War Amendments to the Constitution; the North connived at his defiance. Governor Cole Blease, in conference of the governors, openly ejaculated, "To hell with the Constitution!"; he is sent to the senate to enforce that document with the Eighteenth Amendment added. Truly the palmetto state has been a thorn in the flesh of the nation.

A glimpse at her origin will account for her temperament. She was planted as a colony for restless and dissatisfied spirits. The first successful colony was founded at Charleston, in 1670. From the beginning it was a protestant proposition. Roundheads and cavaliers came from England, Huguenots came from France; dissatisfied Dutch came from New York; a restless group came from Barbadoes bringing their slaves, the first known to the colony; even a group of Congregationalists came down from New England. They were held together by but one common tie—the bond of protest. When freedom of conscience is carried to extremes, personal freedom counts for more than conscience. Protestantism means more protestants, until each individual follows his own personal philosophy. The Greek mind invented a scheme of democracy that ignored the bulk of the population with the status of the slave. It was wholly unaware of its ethical inconsistency. The South Carolina philosophy was a little more logical. Calhoun, the great apostle of the ideal of South Carolina, and of the South, never defended human slavery, but African slavery, on the ground that the African was not human. These are the words of William Sims Gilmore, the solitary singer whom South Carolina has inspired: "If it be admitted that the institution of Negro slavery is a wrong done the Negro, the question is at an end. No people can be justified for continuance in error and injustice. In the South we think otherwise." Herein lay and lies the crux of the whole question. Abraham Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." South Carolina never developed a conscience on the moral evil of slavery. There was then no conscious moral inconsistency in the slaveholder proclaiming the fullest principles of religious freedom and personal liberty. An act to settle a maintenance upon a minister of the Church of England in Charleston in 1698, reads: "That he should enjoy the lands, houses, slaves, cattle and monies appointed to his use, and that a Negro man and woman and four cows and calves should be purchased for his use." All of this was not without complaisant benevolent intent. In a South Carolina publication in 1743, we read: "The Society for the propagation of the Gospel, having long at heart the propagation of the Gospel among the Negroes and Indian races, had resolved to purchase some country Negroes, causing them to be instructed to read the Bible, and in the chief precepts of the Christian religion, and thenceforth employing them as schoolmasters for the same instructions of Negroes and Indian children. It is thought and believed that they would receive instruction from teachers of their own race with more facility and willingness than from white teachers."

In 1746, thirty-five children and fifteen adults were instructed under these auspices. But the experiment was not continued after one of the two teachers died and the other turned profligate.

I am desirous to show that human conduct is the outcome of attitude. Conscience is a pliable faculty and is shaped to our dealings. How did it happen that South Carolina and Massachusetts, made up of the same moral stuff, assumed such diametrically opposite attitudes on the moral issue of African slavery? Let the historical analyst determine this. I am now chiefly concerned with the gradual approachments of the two attitudes at the present day. When these attitudes become consolidated on the lower level, the cause of the Negro will be hopeless. The nation as a whole does not now believe that the disfranchisement and segregation of the Negro is morally wrong. And therefore no serious attempt is made to remedy the grievances of which the colored race complains. The Negro has but one recourse, and that is to stimulate the conscience to the moral enormity of it all.

The story of the Negro in South Carolina, except as a negative, or rather a passive instrument of production, hinges about two centers, Charleston and Columbia. Early in the nineteenth century, Denmark Vesey, a West Indian Charleston slave, generalled an insurrection involving some nine thousand, as some estimates have it, in the city and surrounding communities. His generalship was superb and his courage unequalled. He failed because all such fatuous efforts were doomed to fail. Denmark Vesey with many of his followers were hanged. White men were fined and sentenced to prison for culpable complicity. The deathless legacy of that tragic episode are the last words of Peter, one of the culprits, to his partners in distress: "Do not open your lips. Die silent as you shall see me do." These are the dying, though deathless, words of a Charleston Negro in 1822.

Julius Caesar, in one of his sweeping generalizations, injected into the dry details of a military record, says, "All men love liberty and hate the condition of slavery." Denmark Vesey verifies the verdict of Caesar eighteen hundred years later.

The story of the free Negroes in Charleston is one that is full of interest and charm. In all of the older established cities, there was a small band of free Negroes who lived in self-satisfied complacency in a little world below the whites and above the slaves. They enjoyed existence with a keenness of relish,

which freedom has almost wholly destroyed. It is a glorious experience to have a mass of people below you, even if there are others above you. The free colored people had their own churches and schools, and enjoyed a certain area of recognized privileges which gave them an established place in the city's economy. They were assigned the bulk of the industrial and mechanical work as carpenters, painters, bricklayers, tailors and marketmen. The whites encouraged their social separateness from the slaves, as a means of ruling by division. The line of demarcation coincided almost wholly with the color line. As a result, there grew up between the two shades of color an almost impossible barrier. Many of the free Negroes were owners of slaves, and easily assumed the attitude and hauteur of the white master.

The emancipation proclamation, the reconstruction experiment and the opening of free public schools wiped out much of this conceit. In the earlier days of Howard University, two brilliant boys came from Charleston; one was brown and the other was white enough for anything. They were classmates and the most intimate of friends. In the interchange of intimacies, one day, the whiter of the twain said to his swarthier crony: "I am surely glad that we came to Howard University. I should never have been able to meet you in Charleston." The aristocratic conceit of the free Charleston Negroes, complicated with the color scheme, was deep-seated and hard to remove. I have seen the records of "The Brown Fellowship," a semi-social and literary organization of the Charleston elite that runs back over a hundred years. Charleston retained white teachers in the public schools longer than any other city in the union. It was only a few years ago that they were dislodged, and then this was against the earnest protest of many of the old-time aristocrats, who somehow felt the enchantment of white contact, if it be only to touch the hem of their garment. But the old order has practically passed away. The occupations once monopolized by the free blacks have been grasped by the Whites. The Negro is left little to do except the outerskirts of the lower and menial pursuits. Many of the oldtimers have moved away. Many of the free colored people inherited not only the name but the blood of the original founders, along with their proud and dignified spirit. The Grimkes, the Cordozos, the Prioleaus, the Mouzons, the Mischeaus, the De Reefs, the Mazycks, and the rest remind one of the list of original settlers.

Speaking of the blood mixture of the races, South Carolina, especially Charleston and the lower counties, is noted for the composite progeny. In the coastal cities, along the waterline, the old French system of two families, one of either race, was quite prevalent, so much so that one-eighth Negro blood was as high as they deemed it safe to fix the definition of a white man. Congressman Tillman, a relative of the more famous Senator Tillman, said in the Constitutional Convention, that to raise the limit to the artificial exactions of one-thirty-second, would cause a number of counties to be bathed in blood.

One of these days, the Society for the Study of Negro Life and History will undertake the study of the Free Negro in the several large cities of the South. It will prove to be an interesting and fascinating story when adequately and properly told. Charleston, New Orleans, Richmond, Savannah and the rest contain gold mines of rich and rare historical material.

Columbia next claims our attention. This is the capital of the state. Little need be said about the Negroes of this city until the days of reconstruction. In South Carolina and Louisiana, the Negroes actually held a majority of the legislatures. But the palmetto state had the advantage over its political rival in that it had a better basis of educated men to start with. Francis L. Cardoza had just finished his education in the universities of England and Scotland in time to corral the forces. He sent for the New York *Tribune* and had it distributed among all of the Negro members of the Constitutional Convention, which kept them well posted as to the best methods to pursue. Educated Negroes, like Elliot, came down from Massachusetts to swell the intellectual forces. Negroes filled all stations in the government, with the exception of governor, which was always accorded the white race. The Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, legislators and Congressmen were plentiful. As a boy, thirty miles away, my eyes and ears were just about beginning to be opened. I used to hear of the fabulous happenings going on in Columbia. I had relatives who went from Fairfield County as representatives and senators. They would tell me that Negroes often lit their cigars with five-dollar bills. Nowhere on earth did Negroes ever exercise so much political power as in Columbia. Nor did they ever revel so extravagantly in the excrescences of power. Every Negro boy in the state was dreaming of a political career. Had I been ten years older I would have been in the thickest of the fray. But the bubble must soon break. Babylon must needs fall. South Carolina is the only state that admitted Negroes to the State University. Of course, the Whites left. Professor Richard T. Greener had the distinction of being the only Negro to be appointed professor in this famous institution. I was with him in Columbia many years later when he could only stand at a distance and point out the room which he used to occupy. After the overthrow of reconstruction, when the Whites regained control, all records of the Negro regime were destroyed as if there had been an inter regnum.

Many of the Negroes cast down from the seats of power cut a sorry figure. As many as could sought berths in the department service in Washington. When I was in Charleston last month I heard an eye witness tell of a former lieutenant governor becoming a street sweeper. Columbia dropped from the heights to the depths so far as the Negro was concerned. How did the the mighty fall? But South Carolina has had the experience, and that is worth something. After the downfall in seventy-six, some of the old-liners held on to a lingering hope. General Robert Small, Thomas Miller and George W. Murray were elected to Congress from the blackest district. But the rise of Tillman put an end to all of this. The Negro now has been driven from every vestige of political power. He makes no further effort, not even to function seriously in quadrennial election of Republican delegates.

The political experience gained in politics was quickly transferred to the several religious denominations and secret orders.

The Negro in South Carolina to-day is largely a farmer. The cotton manufacturing industry in the Piedmont section of the state is recruited mainly by White operatives. The only big chance now left the Negro in the state is on the farm, which he is prone to abandon for the allurements of the North.

The Negroes of my native state have had many ups and downs, but through it all they possess a courage and a determination to do worthwhile things. They

(*Continued on page* 400)

A REPLY TO JOE D. "BLIBB," "IDIOT-OR" OF THE CHICAGO "FLIP," MIS-NAMED THE WHIP

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

In the issue of your sheet of October 15th, last, under the caption, Porters on Quicksand, you presume to tell Pullman porters what they should and should not do, As an alleged editor, it would appear that you would, at least, get your facts straight before you rush into print. Obviously, in order to express sound opinion on anything, it is essential that your facts be true. To misrepresent facts as you have apparently deliberately done, is unmistakable evidence of a cheap, irresponsible demagogic muckraker, unworthy of a hearing in the councils of decent, respectable journalists.

Specifically, you say that, "The American Federation of Labor is flirting with the Pullman porters and that they are turning a listening ear." That's a lie. You pretend to know more about the Pullman porters and the American Federation of Labor, than they know about themselves. The American Federation of Labor, as is proper and natural, is lending its moral support to the movement to organize the porters, which every Negro ought to welcome and be proud of. Who, but a consummate idiot, can ignore the great power of five million organized men? Still the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is independent. It is not yet discussing the question of affiliation. But even granting that it were, what of it? Is it a crime to enlist five million organized white workers on the porters' side in the fight for a living wage? Certainly not. In one breath, like a child, you are crying because the American Federation of Labor, as you claim, is denying Negro workers entrance into the unions, and, in the next breath, you throw up your hands in holy horror because some Negro workers are intelligent enough to accept the hands of white workers when extended to them.

You observe that, "You have no faith in the American Federation of Labor, because it seems to be nothing short of a plutocracy." "Idiot-or" "Blibb," your ignorance is refreshing though a menace to the community. Don't you know that a plutocracy means a wealthy class which dominates the Government? Since when, pray, tell me, has the American Federation of Labor become the representative of the wealthy class, or dominated the Government? Are the workers the wealthy class? Do they dominate the Government? A twelve-year old knows better than that, "Idiot-or" "Flip Blibb."

With a pompous though amusing air of omniscience you state that "the great problems of today have not been solved by either the American Federation of Labor, or by any of the other unions," whatever that means. You are, indeed, one of the worse excuses for an editor which has inflicted itself on the public that I have seen in many a day. Are you not aware of the fact that the chief economic and social reforms of America are the result of intelligent agitation on the part of organized labor? The public school system is the fruit of the insistent demand of organized labor. Even bourgeois economists admit that, if this means anything to you. What about the eight-hour day, the employers' liability act for the protection of injured workers, laws against child labor in most states, the struggle for a living wage for the workers? Do these policies not represent solutions of great economic problems? Is there any greater economic problem than the problem of getting a living? If so, "Idiot-or" "Blibb," pray, vouchsafe the priceless jewel of information to me.

You follow this nauseating assininity up with the statement that, "Lenine and Trotsky failed because of the fundamental desire and urge of private ownership in the bosom of all mankind," implying that the American's Federation of Labor's policies oppose this so-called inborn urge for private-ownership. Really, Brother "Flip Blibb," you undoubtedly must be suffering from a hopeless case of arterio sclerosis of the brain. From your silly vaporings, in matters of economic and socio-historical thinking, if I am justified in dignifying you by accusing you of ever indulging in such a process, you don't know what it is all about.

With perfect innocence, you charge that the American Federation of Labor is a plutocracy, and in a few sentences below, you accuse it of Communism. Now, "Idiot-or Flip Blibb," which is it? It certainly can't be both at the same time, even you ought to know that. They are antithetical ideas. The former connotes private, the latter, social, property. Furthermore, your talk about the urge for private ownership being found in the bosom of all mankind, is the sheerest nonsense. Society began on a basis of social property. It was a patriarchal communal system of society. Jesus Christ practiced it. The writings of the church fathers, such as St. Augustine, Origen, etc., urged the recognition of the validity of communal property.

In the next sentence, you say that, "It is proverbially true that the psychology of the proletarian changes when he becomes a captalist," which implies that he had a different psychology before he became a capitalist. Now the chief characteristic of a capitalist is the urge to acquire private property. Thus, logically, before he became a capitalist, according to your own reasoning, he didn't have this urge to acquire private property; thus how do you reconcile your wise crack that this urge is found in the bosom of all mankind? Not knowing what you are talking about, you are simply talking in a circle.

Right after this you say that, "The American Federation of Labor has not changed the psychology of mankind a whit?" Now, isn't this perfectly painful? Brother "Blibb," the American Federation of Labor only exists in America. Why expect it to change the psychology of mankind, a world question? But you have absolutely no regard for logical, consistent thinking. You, just a paragraph or so above, claimed that when a proletarian becomes a capitalist, his psychology changes. You also stated that the American Federation of Labor is a plutocracy or a wealthy capitalist class, and then you forget and ecstatically shout that it has not changed the psychology of mankind a whit.

"Idiot-or," Joe D. "Flip Blibb," take it from me, confidentially, you are out of your line. Your idiot-orial is all right except that you got your facts, interpretation and logic wrong; otherwise, it's a whangdoodle.

On you rave, "The porters should take a dip in speculative philosophy and figure out what would be the attitude of railroad 'brotherhoods' in case they want on strike."

I would advise you, brother "Blibb," to take a dip in common sense, for you are simply bandying with the words, speculative philosophy, without the slightest conception of what they mean. Granting that the Railroad Brotherhoods didn't support them. Is that any good and sensible reason why they should not organize? Are you so cowardly and spineless as to advise Negroes not to attempt to do anything merely because of the possibility of white people not supporting them? You are a *typical Sambo Negro with the inferiority complex!* Always ready to fold your arms and wait for some white man to do something for you. Well, not so with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

You say, "the porters won't be supported in case they desire to strike." Well, sir, all unions don't have always to strike in order to win their demands. The Brotherhoods forced Congress to grant the Adamson Eight-hour Day without a strike. Surely, you are aware of this fact, if not, that's your funeral.

Finally, you say that we do not believe that labor unions among native born American white Protestants and "one hundred per cent Americans," are free of Kleagles and Gobblins of the "Klu Klux Klan." How ridiculous and insane for a so-called editor! Think of such pure, unadulterated moonshine doing duty for argument against Negro workers joining unions. Were it not that your idiot-orial antics are disastrous to the unthinking, the only type of individual who will be affected by them, they would be side-crackingly amusing. Suppose the unions are full of native born, one hundred per cent American, white Protestants. What does that prove? Certainly not that Negroes should not join them, since it is a matter of common knowledge that organized labor has raised wages, shortened hours of work and improved working conditions which both white and black workers enjoy. According to your logic, Negroes had better get out of the country, because it is full of native born, one hundred per cent, Protestant, white Americans. The same thing is true with the Protestant church, Republican and Democrat parties—all are full of Klansmen.

"Brother Idiot-or Blibb," for your information, the American Federation of Labor is no different from the American Government in structure and policy. The American Federation of Labor does not compel the International unions, such as carpenters, jewelry workers or mechanics to admit Negroes, or all white workers. Nor does the Federal Government compel Georgia to permit Negroes to vote. Do you advise that Negroes get out of America on account of that policy?

Your thinking is as loose as your motives are shady.

Don't imagine, Brother "Blibb," that you are clever enough to fool anybody. You know and everybody else knows, who has an ounce of brains, that you are not opposing the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters because you think it is connected with the American Federation of Labor. That's merely *a* reason, not *the* reason. You had to hunt for a convenient excuse to justify your unreasonable and foolish attack on the most vitally constructive, economic movement ever begun by Negroes in America. The real reason is the advertising you are getting from the Pullman Company to oppose the movement. Your opposition is not the result of your own convictions, because you haven't any. You are just like the little boy on the knee of the ventriloquist. You appear to be speaking, but you are not speaking. The voice comes from behind. It's your master's voice, the Pullman Company, which is waving the long green before your blinking eyes.

Without the slightest compunctions or scruples, you are willing to betray and sell out your race for a miserable mess of pottage.

Have you so soon forgotten that at the banquet to the porters, at the Wage Conference in 1923, you advocated organization, that you urged them in the WHIP to organize?

But, of course, you stopped your agitation very suddenly, which caused the judicious porters to think that something was rotten in Denmark. Why did you support organization for porters at one time, but oppose it now? Don't you realize that the public will neither trust your judgment or your honor when you recklessly play the role of a jumping-jack as you do?

Think of it! Brother "Blibb," your paper depends for its support upon Negroes absolutely. White people don't buy it. The Pullman Company has never before given an advertisement to a Negro paper, or bought them in such large numbers, to give to the porters. But still you turn against twelve thousand porters or sixty thousand Negroes, your own race, for the Pullman Company, which will heartlessly discard you immediately it finds out that your little worthless sheet is helpless in trying to hold back the rising ide of organization among the Pullman porters. It is interesting to note, in this connection, "Idiot-or Blibb," that the American white press, which does not depend upon Negro patronage, is behind the movement. Why sell your soul to a corporation which overworks and underpays your race? Have you no principle at all?

And as the last refuge of an impotent intellect, you attempt, in the absence of facts and argument, to drag in some talk about unbelief in a God. This is so irrelevant and immaterial, puerile, pusillanimous and absurd that it does not justify any serious consideration.

You also go out of your way to drag Chandler Owen into the controversy because of your jealousy of the fact that your little weak, ignorant, superficial idiot-orials in the *Flip* pale pitifully beside the able, scholarly, and scientific editorials by Owen in the Chicago *Bee*. That sticks in your craw and you have gone raving mad and lost your head over it. Don't get excited, Brother "Blibb." Well and wisely has it been said that: "If you have a good case, you don't have to lose your head; and, if you have a bad one, you can't afford to lose your head." So that's that!

Your puny efforts against the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters are as effective as Don Quixote's attempt at reforming society by grotesque gestures under the illusion that he was striking the enemies of society, and that he was a great man.

And, Brother "Blibb," it is, indeed, to laugh that you, an intellectual Lilliputian, presume to speak in derogatory terms of the MESSENGER, a journal which is recognized by the scholars and thinkers of America and Europe as constituting the biggest, most constructive and enduring contribution to the social, political and economic thought of the race in the last twenty years, if, indeed, not in its entire history.

You must learn, my dear Brother "Blibb," that an editorial must consist of something else besides meaningless adjectives. Your blusterings may make the simple laugh but they also make the judicious grieve. Before you dare to comment on grave public issues, and pose as a leader of thought in the community, you ought to get some knowledge of elementary economics from Seager, Selingman or Ely. It is criminal for you to inflict your ignorance of the most vital problems before America upon some well-meaning but misguided people. I am perfectly amazed how you are getting away with *murder* out here. Of course, the intelligent Chicagoans have got your number.

A wit once said that, "politics make strange bedfellows." And so has the Pullman Company's slush fund against organizing the porters. Note the happy and smiling embrace between Messrs. Blibb and Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons, formerly at swords' points. But what's a little personal opposition between little minds to the long green? Now, at the behest of your lord and master, the Pullman Company, you and Brother Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons are like two peas in a pod.

Now, if the Pullman Company has enough faith in you to let you debate this question, and you think your position is sound, I will hire a hall and very gladly meet you anywhere at any time, and gracefully abide by the verdict of public opinion.

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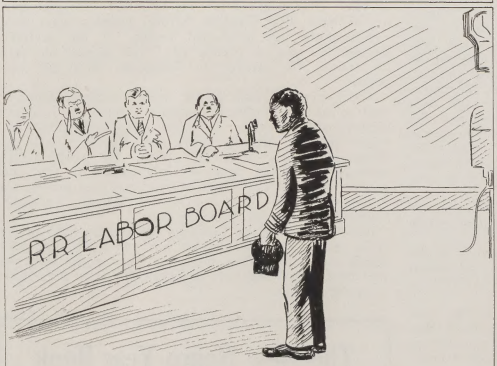


"SORRY, BUT THIS BOARD IS NOT AUTHORIZED TO HEAR THE COMPLAINTS OF INDIVIDUALS. GO BACK AND ORGANIZE AND WE WILL GLADLY GIVE YOU A HEARING.

"TOO BAD, BUT THE GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE HAS NO TIME TO LISTEN TO EVIDENCE."

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH ANSWERS NEW QUESTIONS FOR PERRY HOWARD

Dear Mr. Howard:

In reply to your questions addressed to me in the Chicago *World*, October 29th, may I say that you make the error in beginning your queries by assuming that the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters is a radical organization, and you intend for the word *radical* to convey an invidious meaning, a meaning, of course, without the slightest justification. If to do what every ordinary white trade union does, namely, to fight for a living wage, is radical, then we plead guilty. It is a radical organization.

To your first question, may I say that I am a Socialist; and while I was not educated in the Rand School of Social Science, not Socialism, by the way, I lectured there on History, Economics and Sociology.

Are you aware, Mr. Howard, of the fact that some of the world's greatest minds are Socialists, such as George Bernard Shaw, the world's greatest living dramatist; that J. Ramsey MacDonald, ex-Premier of Great Britain, is a Socialist; that Mr. Branting, the late Premier of Sweden for years, was a Socialist; that Donald Richberg, noted lawyer, who argued the case for more wages and better working conditions for the Order of Sleeping-Car Conductors, is a Socialist? And may I say that the conductors won their case? The United States Railroad Labor Board did not refuse to hear him merely because he was a Socialist. It may be interesting also for you to know that Albert Thomas, Secretary of the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, is a Socialist; that John Spargo, who was appointed to the unemployment commission by ex-President Woodrow Wilson, is a Socialist; that Heywood Broun, one of the editors of the New York *World*, is a Socialist, though the New York *World* is one of the largest and most influential papers in the country; that Bertrand Russell, the world's most eminent philosopher, is a Socialist; that a Socialist, Victor Berger, is now sitting in Congress, and still the government manages to lumber on; that some of the world's leading economists, college and university professors, are Socialists. How do you explain the fact, Mr. Howard, that the United States Government did not break off relations with Great Britain when Mr. MacDonald, a Socialist, rose to the highest and most influential place in the government, the Premiership? Obviously, your point is without rhyme or reason. You are wasting your time laboring to prove that which I would not permit you to deny, namely, that I am a Socialist. Besides, your question is wholly irrelevant and immaterial.

Second, you ask, "do I represent the American Federation of Labor?" No. The American Federation of Labor, however, has given the movement its moral support by sending men to speak at our meetings. Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, is sympathetic with the movement.

Third, Mr. Howard asks: "Is it not true that this movement will lead to a strike, and, because of the lack of support of organized labor, it will fail?"

No. It is not necessary always for a union to strike in order to secure its demands. The Big Four Brotherhoods compelled Congress to grant the Adamson Eight-Hour Day without calling a strike. Collective bargaining backed up with a strong organization, together with effective education and agitation, will achieve a living wage and better conditions for the workers.

Fourth, you inquire: "Is it not true that Mr. Lovett Fort-Whiteman, who recently returned from Moscow, was an associate editor of my magazine, and that he was interested in this movement?"

Yes, he was the contributing editor to the MESSENGER before we differed in philosophies. He has no connection with this movement, although he is too intelligent to oppose it, and I have no connection with his. They are separate and distinct. But, pray tell me, what has that got to do with the question: Is it to the interest of the Pullman porters to organize a union of, by and for themselves? Nothing.

Fifth, "Do you know, Mr. Randolph, another racial monopoly except that of the Pullman Company's employment of colored porters?"

Yes. Chinese restaurants, locomotive engineers, train conductors, sleeping-car conductors, street car conductors. These are vocations which are completely in the hands of white men, consequently they constitute racial monopolies, whatever that is. Still they are organized to protect their interest. But granting that the Pullman porters have the only racial monopoly of work, what does it prove? Absolutely nothing. To have a monopoly on certain jobs without receiving a living wage out of them, is to seize the shadow and miss the substance. The Pullman Company has a virtual monopoly on sleeping-car service. This monopoly yields a monopoly profit, which is a high profit; a profit which has made it one of the richest and most powerful corporations in America. On the contrary, the Pullman porters, though having a so-called racial monopoly on their jobs, do not only not receive a monopoly wage, which according to economic laws would be a living wage, but they receive a starvation wage of $67.50 a month. There is no special virtue in having a monopoly unless it yields a monopoly value. Hence, the Pullman porters can never expect to improve their conditions merely relying upon the alleged monopoly of their jobs. Thus, your talk about a racial monopoly of the Pullman porter's job is entirely meaningless and childish.

Sixth, you ask, do I not know that the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association is a voluntary and independent organization, operated by Pullman porters as shown by its by-laws?

No, Mr. Howard, I don't know anything of the kind; nor do you. It is neither a Pullman porters' organization nor is it independent. Why? Because the members of the board of directors, the controlling body of the P. P. B. A., are on the pay-roll of the Pullman Company. They are not even Pullman porters. And it ought to be apparent to you that he who pays the fiddler calls the tune. If the P. P. B. A. belongs to the porters, as you say, why is it that the Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Duncan, cannot draw a dime out of the treasury unless the check is O. K.'d by Mr. A. A. Cummings, Treasurer of the Pullman Company? Now as to the by-laws: They don't show that the Pullman porters control the P. P. B. A. The porters did not frame them. They had absolutely nothing to do with the organization except to accept it after it became a fact.

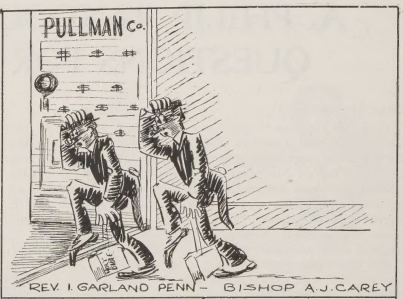
Seventh, "Do you know, Mr. Randolph, that the Pullman porters are the largest group of colored employees in the world, and that the Pullman Company is paying twelve thousand porters $9,648,000 annually as salary, and the luscious tips from the passengers? And don't you further know that certain syndicates of white waiters in New York are paying the large hotels fabulous prices for even the privilege of waiting in these hotels and without salaries?"

To the first part of your question, may I say that the Pullman porters don't constitute the largest group of colored employees in the world. There are the colored trainmen and shopmen that exceed the porters in numbers. As to the luscious tips, to which you refer, from the passengers, they have no existence except in your lively imagination. Ask the porters. They are the best authority on tips, both as to number and amount. Your last affirmative interrogation is not true. White waiters, in New York,

(*Continued on page* 400)

THE WILSON-SIMMONS-BIBB-G-HOWARD CHORUS—

"PULLMAN PORTERS— DON'T ORGANIZE— YOU'RE GETTING ENOUGH MONEY— WE'RE SATISFIED— YOU SHOULD WORRY."



REV. I. GARLAND PENN— BISHOP A.J. CAREY

"IT'S A SIN FOR PULLMAN PORTERS TO ORGANIZE FOR A LIVING WAGE."

HUNGRY EDITORS——

WHY, OF COURSE THE PULLMAN COMPANY IS ALL RIGHT. IT CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY PULLMAN PORTERS A LIVING WAGE. HOW WOULD THE OFFICIALS AND STOCKHOLDERS GET ALONG ON LESS MONEY?"

"THAT EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN IS ALL BUNK. IT'S A COMPANY PROPOSITION. YOU FELLOWS OUGHT TO GET A UNION OF YOUR OWN AND YOU WILL GET SOMEWHERE. WE ARE WITH YOU."

REPLY TO THE ARGUS

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Dear Brother Argus-Mitchell:

You have violated the sacred mission of a newspaper in the issues of the 30th of October and November 2, 1925, by misrepresenting one of the biggest and most vitally constructive movements ever begun in the history of the race.

You seek an excuse for opposing the movement to organize the Pullman porters by falsely claiming that it is an effort to link them up with the American Federation of Labor, which you claim to hate. This is not true. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is an organization of, by and for the Pullman porters. It is independent of, not connected with, any other movement.

As a so-called editor, who is supposed to lead the thought of the Negroes of St. Louis, you ought to know what you are talking about before you rush into print. Either your attitude is the result of ignorance or venality, either of which makes you either useless or a menace to the Negroes of this community. Now, it is perfectly obvious that you are ignorant, and the intelligent public will read between the lines and justly doubt your sincerity, when it notes that your editorial opposing the movement appeared in the very same issue in which a half-page advertisement was carried, an advertisement for which the Pullman Company paid you $75.00 or $100.00.

It is not rather strange and peculiar, Mr. Mitchell, that you only became interested in warning the Pullman porters against organizing when you received an advertisement from the Pullman Company? Don't you realize that the porters and public are justified in not trusting your judgment or honor in the matter, since your convictions and principles, if, indeed, you have any, seem to rest upon the gain you receive or hope to receive?

As an evidence of your hopeless and childish credulity, you say that, "it looks as though the union has waited until the porters had established themselves in their own organization and are satisfied, and then steps in to break up the peaceful relations between the workers and their employers."

Such Nonsense! In the first place, the porters have not established any organization of their own aside from the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. What organization do you refer to? Surely you don't mean the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, which is, as plain as the nose on your face, a Pullman Company's proposition. Don't you know that the members of the Board of Directors of P. P. B. A. are on the pay-roll of the Pullman Company? That they are not even Pullman porters? That the Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Duncan, cannot draw a dime out of the treasury unless the check is oked by Mr. A. A. Cummings, the Treasurer of the Pullman Company? It was not started by porters and it is not run by porters. Are you not able to appreciate the fact that he who controls the treasury of an organization, controls the organization? This is an elementary proposition of social science which an editor ought to know.

Certainly, you are not so naive and gullible as to believe that the Employee Representation Plan is a porters' organization. I can hardly believe that a grown-up could be so stupid. It is a matter of common knowledge that it is a company organization, owned and controlled body and soul by the Pullman Company. In all of its committees the cards are stacked against the porters. The very same local management which recommends the discharge of a porter is also permitted to sit in the committees on the porter's case as the prosecutor, jury and judge. The local grievance committee has no power to put a suspended or discharged porter back to work. The whole scheme is a FARCE, a JOKER, a trick to deceive the men into believing that they have an organization when, in truth, they haven't any.

Porters Should Not Vote for Employee Representative Plan

Every porter should refuse to vote for the Plan when it comes up this month to be voted on. No porter is compelled to vote for it, since, in the agreement between the porters and maids and the Pullman Company, Article 6, Section C, in the Company's own language, it says: There shall be no discrimination by the Company or by any of its employees on account of membership or non-membership, in any fraternal society or union. Besides, public opinion will not permit the Company to discriminate against its employees because they refuse to permit it to force them to vote against their own interests. The Company wants 51 per cent of the men to vote for its Plan, so that the Railroad Labor Board will grant it the right to represent them. But when the porters refuse to vote for it, the Plan collapses, ceases to function automatically. The Pullman Car Conductors rejected the Plan when it was presented to them. Why should the porters accept it?

Intelligent porters will refuse to permit a "hungry editorial hound" to mislead them.

You say, Mr. Argus-Mitchell, "that should the union succeed in getting the porters to come in, they will call a strike and cause the porters to lose their jobs."

How ridiculous? What unions are you talking about? The movement is not connected with any unions. Besides, it is not necessary for a union to strike always in order to secure its demands. If you knew anything about the history of labor in this country, you would know that hundreds of unions are securing increased wages, better hours of work and improved working conditions without going on strike. Don't you know that the Big Four Brotherhoods forced Congress to grant them the Adamson Eight-hour Day without a strike? Every school boy knows it.

You say to the porters, "Not to listen to those advocating organizations because they don't own any railroads or merchant marine ships." Think of it! And this tommyrot is from an alleged editor, too. Can you imagine it? Well, I suppose intelligent St. Louisans do understand how it could come from his Eminent, Ignorant, Highness. The men who organized the Locomotive Engineers didn't own any railroads. Still they organized the engineers into a union. Andrew Furuseth, President of the Seamen's Union does not own any merchant marine; though he organized the seamen. Is it necessary for one to have a pocketbook to give a person before he warns that person against a thief whom he sees is about to take his pocketbook? Obviously, no.

You also talk about the porters' so-called monopoly of their jobs. Of course, you haven't the slightest conception of what you are talking about. You are simply mouthing something you have been told to mouth for the advertisement you have received. You remind me, Mr. Argus-Mitchell, of the little boy who sits on the knee of the ventriloquist. He appears to be speaking, but he isn't. The voice comes from behind, his master's voice. Be assured, my dear Brother Argus-Mitchell, that you are not clever enough to fool anybody. What value, pray, tell me, is a monopoly, if it does not yield a living wage? The white race has a monopoly of the work of engineers and train conductors, still they are organized.

The main trouble with you, Brother Argus-Mitchell, is that you are a satellite of your white master, the Pullman Company. Your editorials show that you are utterly incapable of any original thinking; but whatever thinking you do, if it is fair to accuse you of ever going through such a process, is a reflection of the thinking your white masters, who, incidentally, hold the money bags, do.

In your second editorial, entitled "Forcing the Pullman Company," you say that it hardly looks reasonable that

the Pullman Porters' Union can dictate to the Pullman Company whom it shall hire.

Why, don't you know that a union would be absolutely worthless if it permitted the employer to hire scab labor and pay low wages. To the extent that a union insists upon only union labor being hired, it is dictating who should be hired by the employer. The Pullman Car Conductors dictate to the Company whom it shall hire and the wages it shall pay its conductors. Wake up, Brother Rip Van Winkle. This is 1925, not 1725. The chains of slavery have been broken off your hands and feet, if not off your mind. It is my job to do the latter for you.

As the last refuge of an impotent intellect, you prate about my interest in, $60,000, joining fees from the porters.

What's that got to do with the right, necessity and value of the Pullman porters organizing? Absolutely nothing. But what irrelevance to an Uncle Tom, "Idiot-or"? Have you ever heard of a moneyless organization? From your furious defense of the Pullman Company after you got a small size advertisement, you are not unconcerned about glittering gold. Brother Argus-Mitchell, you ought to have brains enough to realize that if money was what I am after that I could get much more money than the Pullman porters could ever hope to give me, even if I got all the money they paid in many years to come. No, Mr. Argus-Mitchell, all of the millions of the Pullman Company would not cause me to betray the interest of the Pullman porters. To me there are some things in this world much more valuable than money, namely, my self-respect, my reputation, my principles. Advocating the cause of labor is no new thing to me. It has been my life's work, together with writing and lecturing on economics and socio-historical subjects, if this means anything to you.

Then you hypocritically assert, trying to save your face, that you are not opposed to the men organizing. Perhaps you are not, unless you get an advertisement for opposing it! But you add that the odds against the men are too great. That's just like a Sambo Negro who has a *wish-bone* where a *back-bone* ought to be! Suppose the abolitionists had said the same thing about the Slave Power in 1854, where would you be today? Perhaps where you belong—in slavery.

You end your colossal folly about labor organization by observing that, "everybody knows that all nor half of the men are going to join the proposed organization."

Nobody knows any such thing of the kind. You are, as usual, simply talking through your hat. But even granting that not half of them did join, does that make organization wrong? I guess not.

You say that, "you are told that in nearly every office men are waiting to be hired as Pullman porters."

What does that prove? Nothing. It's an added reason, if true, why Pullman porters should organize to prevent an over-supply of labor from demoralizing their working conditions more than they already are. But it is not true. There is a general shortage of labor, made so by the cessation of immigration. Besides, the student porters have returned to school. But Brother Argus-Mitchell, whose ignorance is only exceeded by his presumption, can be expected to say anything when a little picayune advertisement is in sight. Of course, we have encountered such intellectual lilliputians before and they soon became repentant. Let us watch the *Idiot-orial* Uncle Tom of St. Louis, and see what his future antics will be.

Isn't it remarkable that it was only left for a Negro paper, a so-called leader, to oppose a movement fighting for the bread and butter, better clothes, and shelter for wives and children of 12,000 porters, or 60,000 Negroes. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch wrote an editorial supporting the movement, telling the porters that they are on the right track. The St. Louis Star is supporting the movement. Now, these are white papers that don't depend upon Negroes buying them for their circulation. But the Argus, which could not live one day without Negroes buying it, takes the side of the Pullman Company against the Pullman porters. And remember, it never got a dime from the Pullman Company before this movement began, while it has been receiving money from the Pullman porters every week, who buy it. But will they continue? Well, all porters are not Uncle Toms.

Every red-blooded, he-man Pullman porter should join the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car porters now. When the organization gets fifty-one per cent of the men, it, according to the ruling of the United States Labor Board, will be the lawful representative of the men. We must have that number in the next thirty days. The Brotherhood of Trainmen are now preparing to demand a wage increase upon the termination of their agreement, December 31st. Now is the psychological time for the Pullman porters to organize and go to the Board for more wages, better homes, and better working conditions. They will secure their demands just as surely as the night follows the day.

Don't be misled by Mr. T. A. Crenshaw and Mr. W. P. Smith, the paid welfare workers of the Pullman Company. They could not help you if they would, because the minute they attempted to the company would give them the gate. Why? Because the Company pays them, and he who pays the fiddler will call the tune. They are the paid Uncle Toms of the St. Louis District. Don't tell them anything, because they will carry a bone.

Nor should porters be fooled by the Filipino scare. It's a mere dud. The Company will even go to the trouble of having a few Filipinos in sight for porters to see, so that it will appear that they are going to put them on the cars. Don't worry; the Company has too much brains to exchange workers, efficient and able, whom it knows, such as the Negro porter, for a foreigner, who neither knows the language or the customs and manners of the American people. Besides, the public would not stand for it, since the Negro Pullman porter has made the Pullman Company, in the last fifty years, what it is today. The Company admits, in its last report, that it had the largest and most prosperous year in its history—a year in which it made ($84,000,000) eighty-four millions of dollars, and all off the increased productive efficiency of Negro labor.

Men, you have nothing to lose, nothing to fear. White men organize, why not you? The conductors are organized, who get almost three times as much as you, and only work 240 hours a month. Why can't you organize, who are the lowest paid and the most over-worked of all the railroad workers?

Your movement, The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, is supported by the white press of the country. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has officially endorsed it. You have the moral support of the Big Four Brothers and organized labor generally.

St. Louis must go over the top big. New York, Chicago, Boston and Washington have scored big. Now it is up to you. Remember that the Pullman Company is the only big corporation in the United States or the world which depends upon the public to pay the wages of its employees, and, hence, it has no friends.

Don't let Old Man Burr scare you. You are just as much of a man as he is, and the Pullman Company and the traveling public will respect you only when you show respect for yourself. Besides, we are not trying to injure the Pullman Company. We are trying to help it by building up an efficient union which will secure a high type of porter because he can make a living in the service. It is not trying to lessen the efficiency of the Pullman porters; it will increase it. We are not communists; we simply demand a living wage. We don't counsel insubordination, but efficient discipline.

1. Do you want a living wage?
2. Do you want pay for doubling work?
3. Do you want a 240-hour or less in regular assignment as a monthly wage basis instead of the 11,000 miles, which requires you to make almost 400 hours a month?
4. Do you want conductor's pay for conductor's work?
5. Do you want pay for preparatory time?
6. Do you want pay for delayed arrival?
7. Do you want pay for every day you are ready to go out on the road whether you are sent out or not?

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A BIT OF HISTORY

The celebrated wage conference, held in Chicago, March, 1924, between the Pullman Company and the porters, was the proverbial straw that "broke the camel's back"; for, at the outcome of that gathering, every intelligent porter fully realized that the dice was loaded against the men in their dealings with the company and, that if the porters ever hoped to be in a position that would at least assure them of a chance to improve their lot, they must organize their own union, free from the influence and interference of the management. Prior to that time, most of the men had been made to believe that the "company's union" plan was a good thing; that it evidenced the benevolence of the Pullman Company, and that the few remaining "doubting Thomases" would see what a marvelous instrument the company had given the porters to use for their own benefit.

When the conference convened on the morning of March 20, 1924, it was plainer then than ever that the measures desired by the men, to protect their interest, would be shunted aside and defeated, while on the other hand, the aims and wishes of the company would be jammed through and then made to accept them, for most of the delegates seemed to feel that they were there only to accept whatever measures received the O. K. of the company, and to reject those the company considered inimical to its interest. It is doubtful if there is another example anywhere of a body of men assembled, who showed such pathetic helplessness and lack of independence as at the conference. As the sessions rolled one

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
General Organizer

into the other, why, even a blind man could see that the company's attitude toward the assembled porters was, that they were children who could not be trusted to act alone and unguarded, and that the company proposed to stand guard over and chaperone its little children in order that no harm would befall the kiddies.

In the interest of fairness and truth, however, it must be pointed out here, that not all of the company's children so considered themselves. There were a few, just a few, who had the hardihood to think that they were men and to act like grown-ups. This minority of free-men presented a most fascinating picture on the floor of that conference hall, a picture that none who saw it will ever forget. There was Roy Lancaster, A. L. Totten and a few others whose names must remain, for the present, unrecorded. These men knew from the very beginning that they had not a single chance. They knew that even their colleagues as well as a large—alas! far too large—portion of the porters whose battle they were waging were allied with the company against them. They were aware that the bulk of the delegates would oppose them whenever the company cracked the whip; nevertheless, they fought on gallantly, with defeat for every

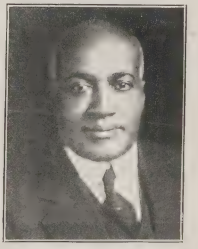
ROY LANCASTER
Secretary-Treasurer

measure they proposed as their only reward. They had the consolation, however, of knowing that they had fought a good fight and that some day their fellow porters would understand; reluctantly, they accepted their fate with heads bloody but unbowed. From the point of view of the porters' interest, it would have been just as well for every porter to remain in his respective home and permit the management of the Pullman Company to have a conference and there decide what was to be done.

With the adjournment of the conference, the porters all returned to their districts, but the few champions of right decided that they would not surrender but embark on an intensive campaign of Education, calculated to enlighten the men as to the true nature of the scheme (so-called Employee Representative Plan) that the company had put over upon them. Accordingly, A. Totten began to conduct a series of porters' meetings, in order to report back to the porters the procedure of the conference. This very democratic and reasonable conduct of Totten was frowned upon by the management, who through the person of Mr. F. A. Cook ordered the meetings discontinued. It is well to note here that, up to this

(*Continued on page* 403)

A. L. TOTTEN
Field Organizer



W. H. DES VERNEY
Field Organizer

THE STEEL DRIVIN' MAN

By LEON R. HARRIS

Many a rare character has lived and died and no historian has heard of him. But should you visit the particular neighborhood from whence he sprung, or the community that acknowledges his heroism, you will often hear his name lauded in song and story. Old men tell tales about him to their children and to their children's children, and, as mothers rock their babies to sleep, they recite his story while they sing their lullabies.

But the memory of such an one is cherished more by those who travel in his footsteps; who occupy the same station in life, or, who follow the same work or trade, than by any others. Napoleon was a great hero of France, but Napoleon was a soldier, therefore the French soldiers love him best. Lord Nelson was a great British hero, but he was a sailor, hence the English sailors claim him as their own. Every American Negro—and many white Americans—have heard of John Henry, the man who ran and won the greatest race in the world, but his name is worshipped by the "graders." He is the Hero of the "Graders."

I would like to tell you this story just as the old man told it to us. We were running a railroad grade through the Allegheny foothills and had reached a spot only a short distance from John Henry's birth-place. For two days and two nights it had been raining. It was one of those cold, constant winter rains, not hard, but seemingly endless, and our camp looked like a soggy swamp.

All of our "rainy day work" was completed. We had sheared and dressed up the mules, greased the wheelers and the harness. The blacksmiths had sharpened the picks, the scrapers and the drills.

It was on the morning of the third day and still it was raining. The white folks were down in their shanty playing poker, and we had gathered in the mess shanty. Some of the fellows—the young bloods—were shooting dice, and playing "skin" for matches, but we old hands had crowded up close to our hard-coal salamander, and were listening intently to the endless stories, told in turn, of each other's experiences of grade and camp life.

The old man was with us. We had learned to like him very well even though he was a "pick-up," for such we call all the hands procurred from the various neighborhoods through which we happen to be passing. Such fellows, you know, are usually "green-horns." They don't know a "lead mule" from a "toter."

But the old man was different. He said he was "an ole grader" and we soon found out he told the truth. He could make a sledge hammer talk. He could make a pick whistle. And then we discovered that he was fond of grade life, so fond indeed that he could not resist it's call. For when he had heard the echoes of our blastings; the "skinners" yelling to their mule-teams; the curses of the bosses; the ring of the sledges and picks, and the camp-fire's laughter and song,—for all this, in concert, is the "call of the grade"—he had come to us.

It was the old man's turn to recite, but right then we were interrupted. Shine, a "skinner," our darkest one and the clown of the camp, entered bearing a sledge hammer and a hand drill. He had come direct from the white folk's shanty. The engineer had covered him with flour and someone had given him a taste or two of moonshine corn liquor.

"Howdy niggahs," he commenced, "how's you all dis mawnin'. 'Lo ole man! Wot you doin' sittin' up heah lookin' lak Rain-In-De-Face?"

He dropped the hammer and hand drill, threw his head back, opened wide his mouth and began singing:

"Keeps on a-rainin', podnor,
Niggah can't make no time."

"Ye, ye, yaw-aw," laughed Shine, "ye, ye, yaw-aw! Yere, cullud folkses, dis de way Ole Man does in meetin'."

Shine put his hands to his sides and began a ludicrous dance, keeping time to his hops and jumps by singing the old plantation song:

" O, it rained fo'ty days an' fo'ty nights widout stoppin',
People all prayed dat de watah'd stop droppin'—
O, didn't hit rain, Lawd,
Didn't hit rain!"

"Wish you'd git outta heah," growled the old man.

"Say, Ole Man," said Shine, "Ise jist gotta hab some eggsecize, yere me? I haint wuked none fo' a week. Bleeb Ise'll play John Henry."

He picked up the hand drill he had brought, stuck it the ground, and dextrously swinging the heavy sledge began to drive, keeping time to his strokes by singing the "John Henry" song—

"O John Henry-huh, he drib steel-huh, lak a man-huh. he did-huh,
John Henry-huh, he drib steel-huh, lak a man-huh, lak a man-huh,
"O John Henry-huh, he war a steel-huh, dribbin' man-huh, he war-huh,
John Henry-huh, he war a steel-huh, dribbin' man-huh, dribbin' man-huh!

The fire of youth danced in the old man's eyes while Shine was singing, and when the song ended he exclaimed:

"Dat's wot e war, sawn, dat's wot he war! John 'Enry suttinly war a steel dribbin' man. Yassah! I knowed John 'Enry, and he suttinly war a steel dribbin' man Yassah! But you, Monkey,"—he said, turning fiercely on Shine.

"O dry hup, Ole Man," said Shine, "an' go milk dem see-dere-ribs cows yuh got back dere in de pines. Wot you know 'bout John Henry?"

Well, we could hardly blame Shine. It did indeed seem like a bald sacrilege for any *living* human being to say that he had really known John Henry. Known John Henry? Seen John Henry? He the noblest "grader" of them all? He the strongest man who ever drove a piece of steel? Why we did not know when *we* had heard the great name mentioned first. We well remembered, that years before, when we were young, when we first began the "life of the grade"—and the work was much harder then than now—that ofttimes the picks and sledges would become intolerably heavy; the curses of the driving bosses unendurable; and we would falter and grow faint at heart, but then, right then, some old "grader" would see, would understand, and would come to us and slap us on the back.

"Sawn, be a man," he would say. "A man lak John Henry war." I say that we were young. We did not know who this John Henry was, but we certainly learned to respect the memory of the one they cherished so deeply. Then we would take fresh heart. Yet, we would overcome our puerile trials, our imaginary impossibilities, for, woe be unto the "grader" who refused to follow in John Henry's steps! But now, now we were the "old graders" and so likewise we admonished our young men. Yes, all of us, like Shine, doubted the old man's veracity, and the interruption continued while he told the story.

JOHN HENRY WAS a "free man" the old man told us. While a mere lad he had saved his master from a watery grave. For his heroic act he was given his liberty, and more, the former master became his best friend. He always called the old plantation his home.

Physically, John Henry was a mighty man. He was over six feet tall. He weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds. He could muscle and toss a hundred

pound anvil with one hand. He was a pure Negro and the old man said, "He war pow'ful ugly and war allus grinnin', jist lak Shine dar—but his 'art war as tendah as an 'oman's."

What noble deed would John Henry not do? He would give his last crust of bread to a hungry child. He would sit up all night at the bedside of a sick slave and then work hard the following day, and the work was arduous indeed, but John Henry did not care. He was the best worker in the country.

John Henry was employed by Captain Walters, a railroad contractor. The Captain was a southerner of the old school. He loved his "niggahs" as he called them, and they loved him.

The Captain also employed many slaves, hiring them from their masters until he completed his contracts. He divided his army of workers into gangs, as best suited each individual's ability. There was the "plow gang" and the "wheeler gang," the "pick-and-shovel gang" and the "skinners," and last, but most important of all, the "blasting gang," which included the steel drivers.

John Henry was a steel driver. The Captain had never seen a man drive steel as well as he did. No one on the job professed to be able to drive as well. Probably it was because he was a "free man," and was receiving into his own hand his three silver dollars per week, but the old man told us that back on the old plantation a lassie, Lucy by name, was boss of the plantation kitchen, and John Henry was driving steel for her. John Henry loved her. He wanted her to be his wife but first, he wanted her to be free, as he was. For years he had been saving his money to buy the girl, to pay for the home, and as he drove his steel into the solid rock to make the opening for the powder charge,—often the echo of his hammer would speak to him his sweetheart's name,—and his "buddies" had christened his hammer "Lucy" because John Henry repeated that name so often.

John Henry loved that servant of his, his hammer. It weighed ten pounds more than any other there. It occupied a special place in the tool shanty. No one touched it but him, for had they done so they would have touched John Henry's heart.

Well, one day, the Captain landed a contract for a few miles of road through the heart of the Virginia mountains. The work began in June and John Henry was happy. It was a rough country. There was much rock. This would make overtime work compulsory and that meant for him, more money. They knew he was happy for he began to sing a new song to the echo of his hammer:—

"Ef ah makes-huh, June, July an' Augus-huh,
Ise gwine home-huh, Ise gwine home-huh,
O ef ah makes-huh, June, July an' Augus'-huh,
Ise a-comin' home, Lucy-huh, Ise a-comin' home-huh!"

This would he sing as his drill went down, and he grinned much, despite the heat and the perspiration.

But one day there arrived at the camp an enemy to John Henry and to all good steel driving men. He came in the garb of a Yankee drummer, an agent for a so-called, "steam-drill." This new machine was guaranteed to drill a hole faster than any ten men could drill one in the old way with sledge hammer and steel.

That Yankee was determined to sell one to the Captain. He followed him around for days. But the old southerner was obdurate. He did not believe in the much advertised scientific improvements. It takes money to make improvements, despite their economical value in the end. Besides, he was working Negroes, and Negro labor cost him little. In those days a "nigger" was but a machine anyway,—a tool to do the white man's work. Why pay for the use of brains when the use of muscle was so cheap? To rid himself of the Yankee the Captain told him:

"Suh, I have a niggah here who can take his hammah and steel and beat that three legged steam contraption of yours to a frazzle, suh. And ah'll bet yuh five hundred dollars on the spot that he can, suh."

"And I'll take your bet provided, that if I win you'll give me an order," said the wily Yankee. And thus it was settled.

The Captain was not at all afraid he would lose his money, the old man told us. He made it his business the next day to visit the "blasting gang" just as John Henry was setting his drill. He noticed how fervently the swarthy driver gripped his sledge, and, with what apparent ease he forced the steel down into the solid rock. He saw the hot perspiration pouring from the seasoned muscles, and then, the grin illuminating the ugly features, and the old Captain chuckled. He called the driver aside.

"John, John, come here John."

"John, I've bet that fool Yankee that you and your hammer can beat that steam contraption he's got. Think you can John?"

"Yassah Cap'n, yassah, yassah."

"Well John, we'll have the race tomorrow and you do it. You beat him and I'll give you—ah—I'll give you fifty dollars."

John Henry had never been so happy before in all his life. Fifty dolars! Fifty dollars! Why to him it meant everything. It meant that Lucy would be free. It meant that Lucy would be his wife. It meant that Lucy and he would have a home of their own. Is it any wonder then, that when night had fallen, he rubbed from his hammer every speck of dirt, placed it reverently away, and as he lay there among the jutting rocks, gazing at the stars, the melody of his songs reverberated throught those rugged mountains louder and sweeter than his "buddies," —that night in the grading camp?

* * *

THE YANKEE DID not do right, the old man told us, for he never arrived the next day until the sun was hot, and it was a day in July. But John Henry did not care. He had been singing and grinning all the morning. They chose a spot favored by the Yankee, and, as all the hands crowded around, set their drills.

The race began! It was steam against muscle; brain against brawn; progress against retrogression; Yankee against Southerner; head against heart. John Henry kissed his hammer. The Yankee opened a valve.

John Henry did not sing as he usually did when driving steel. He could not spare the breath. But he drove, ah, how he did drive! With every stroke you could almost see the drill go down and, though the Yankee used much steam, the mark on the Negro's steel was approaching the surface of the stone faster than the mark on his own. And, as the mark on John Henry's steel entered the aperture, finally becoming invisible, he poised his sledged for one more mighty stroke—to clinch the argument, as it were—to make good. The sledge descended—it struck—but dropped from his hands. He staggered and fell full length upon the rocks. His face was ashen. His lips were pale. His buddies stooped over him, fanned him and some ran for water, but he only weakly beckoned for his hammer. Some one laid it in his arms. He touched it to his lips and his kiss and his blood mingled upon the iron head.

"Lucy—Lucy—O Lucy," whispered.

The old Captain pushed through the crowd, bent over the stricken driver, and tenderly raised his head.

"John, John," he said. "You've beat that steam contraption. You've beat the Yankee."

"We've beat him, Cap'n?"

The steel driver opened his eyes and saw the glow of victory on the contractor's wrinkled face.

"Why Cap'n, we did beat him! We beat him shor," he said and died.

* * *

IT WAS SHINE who broke the solemn stillness in our shanty after the old man had concluded his story.

"Ump," he grunted, Ole Man you is a grader, sho anuff. "Guess ah'll haf tuh go down tuh de white fo'ks an' bum some mo' cawn on dat."

He picked up the hammer and drill and departed, and as he trudged through the oozy mud we heard him singing:

(*Continued on page* 402)

Edito

Opinion of the leading

The Rhinelander Case

In White Plains, New York, a young scion of one of America's so-called "first" families has employed some of the best legal brains obtainable to prove that he did not know what he knew when he married Miss Alice Jones, a colored girl. Of course, everybody knows that he knew that she was colored, and, no doubt, if his family and friends had not objected, he would not now, under cross-examination, be cutting such a pitiful and miserable figure, trying to pose as the dupe of his wife.

The case is attracting world-wide attention. The Nordics pretend to believe that the purity of their race has been outraged. For this reason, the case transcends in importance the fate of Mr. and Mrs. Kip Rhinelander. What matter though he did deceive her or she deceived him? That's nothing new. It's going on every day. White men are deceiving white women, white women are deceiving white men. White men are deceiving Negro women and Negro women are deceiving white men; also Negro men are deceiving white women and white women are deceiving Negro men; and Negro men are deceiving Negro women and Negro women are deceiving Negro men. Deception is the rule. It is rife everywhere, because the human race is not free.

What will be the outcome? It is hard to tell. The odds are against the woman. She is poor, her husband is rich. She is a Negro; her husband is white. She must overcome the vicious dogma and fiction of the alleged superiority of Lothrop Stoddard's and Madison Grant's pet Nordic breed. This, to say the least, is no easy task. It is deeply entrenched in the warp and woof of American life. It is fortified by the State, apotheosized in literature, upheld and dramatized on the stage, defended in the press, and given the color of the sanction of holy writ in the pulpit.

We are not sufficiently civilized yet to accord to two sane individuals the right to determine their own destiny, and we won't be so long as our minds are fastened by the incrusted dogma of race, creed, nationality, politics, or economics.

The World Today

The world is still sick. The ravages of the world war still linger to be-devil it. Despite the making of peace after peace pacts since Versailles, the nations of Europe sulk, waiting "der tag." At last, Germany is disposed favorably to consider the question of entering the League of Nations. At Locarno, for the first time since the war, she sat in the council of nations as an equal.

Russia is still excluded because of the mortal fear of capitalist nations of her Communist creed. But few of the politically sophisticated feel that Europe can renormalize herself without having some understanding with the nation which has the largest land area and population in Europe. It is believed also by political scientists that Russia is now holding on to only the shell of her Communist philosophy, that she is fast becoming as conservative as some of her European sisters.

Uncle Sam is still holding to the fiction of official aloofness to the European muddle. As the creditor of the world, he is industriously earning the hate of all nations because of his insistence upon his "pound of flesh." He views the League as a European device, for Europe only, and, consequently, he will have none of it.

Meanwhile, France is hopelessly entangled in her financial puzzle. Her financial wizard and wonder man, Mons. Caillaux, failed her. The American Mellon refused to be cut by the wily and astute Frenchman and hence, he fell. But the world has come to learn that, with Caillaux every good type is not gone. He may yet rise to the premiership.

The latest reports tell of the fall of Painleve and the probable ascendancy of Briand to power.

Mussolini still rules, in the name of Fascisti, in Italy. England is marking time; China is still turbulent, while Japan watches cautiously. Ghandi, for the nonce, is out of the picture, though hard at work fighting for an India for the Indians. He has slightly modified the application of his doctrine of non-cooperation.

The fans of the League of Nations are jubilant over the victory it won in calling a halt to the war between Bulgaria and Greece, although the cynics look askance and recall its failure to halt Italy at Corfu!

Withal, readjustments are moving apace. If we ever achieve economic peace, political peace is not far behind.

Dr. Sweet

The case against Dr. Sweet of Detroit who is now in jail for defending his castle, is a case against the entire race; for if a mob can get away with an assault upon the home of Dr. Sweet in Detroit, it will assault the homes of Negroes in Chicago, New York, Washington and elsewhere.

The N. A. A. C. P. has gone to the bat for the defense and preservation of a great principle, the right of a man, regardless of race, creed, color, or nationality, to be secure in his own home.

Every Negro in America should rally to Dr. Sweet because by so doing, he is rallying to himself. But the only effective kind of rallying now is the dollar rallying. There's no use giving lip support. We can only win with power, and money is a big factor in the struggle to secure power. The case will cost some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars alone. And there are other cases to be fought out, a case of residential

rials

colored American thinkers

segregation in Washington, D. C., and one testing the validity of disfranchisement in the South. To carry forward the cases, the N. A. A. C. P. has started a drive for fifty thousand dollars. Think of it! Only $50,000 — why one labor union, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, composed of only 60,000 members, when about to begin a strike, raised a million and a half dollars in less time than a week. Ten million Negroes ought to have enough guts and backbone, with the challenge of the Sweet case, to raise a million dollars in one week, and that's a mere bagatelle when the race's right to life, property and the pursuit of happiness are at stake as the Sweet case indicates.

Pullman Company's Conference in Washington, D. C.

In Washington of recent date a mysterious conference was called by a mysterious person, Melvin Chisum. According to some reports, it was styled as Chisum's private conference. No one seems to know who financed it. No one seems to know what it was all about. The pretext, of course, was to fight against segregation. But why so sudden and mysterious an attempt? Isn't it strange that the most prominent, efficient and able persons in the country who are fighting segregation were not in the conference? Why was the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People not called in? Is it because the wily Chisum knew that Johnson, Pickens, DuBois, Bagnal and White would not stand for the questionable tactics he is employing in trying to oppose the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters?

It is quite obvious that the resolutions on industrial relations was doctored after it had been adopted in the conference, and why? Because the resolution as drafted by Ben Jefferson Davis did not include in it the thing for which the conference was called, namely, an attack on the movement to organize the Pullman porters. The doctored resolution includes such an attack.

Rhenzi B. Lemus, President of the Brotherhood of Dining Car Employees, affirms that the resolution sent broadcast by the Negro Associated Press was not the one as adopted by the Conference.

Now it remains to be seen whether the other members of the Conference have guts enough to protest against such unscrupulous tactics. That they were well meaning, but misguided is obvious. But they don't have to remain silent on such a notoriously dark and dirty deed.

Will Negro leaders, such as John R. Hawkins, Hutchins C. Bishop, Dr. M. O. Dumas, James A. Cobb, Albin L. Holsey, Bishop Reverdy, C. Ransom, etc., permit themselves to be shamelessly manipulated by the Iago of the race to subserve the interests of the Pullman Company in its fight against the Pullman porters organizing for a living wage? Surely, it must have occurred to these gentlemen that there was something wrong about a meet called for the purpose of discussing segregation in which the N. A. A. C. P., the only people who know anything about the subject in the country, that is, from an expert point of view, were excluded. Why? you ask. Well, the reason is that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people has officially endorsed the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and the crafty Mephistopheles knew that he couldn't pull any wool over the eyes of that crowd.

The race is indebted to the Pittsburg Courier, and the Washington Tribune for their militant and independent spirit in the matter, for their public spirited exposé of the nefarious trick.

Self-Made Men

Every so often we come in contact with a singer, a piano player, an actor, who has been praised by parlor parties and applauded by superficial persons until his head has been turned. Quite confident of his ability, which to him must be talent personified, he will tell you in an air of gusto, "I never had a lesson in my life," or as in a recent case a "playwright" told us he had never been to school but four months in his life. In short, these people are telling you in effect that they are self-made men and women.

A word of advice: If you are dealing in any line of art, literature, painting, drawing, singing, acting, and have never had a lesson or very little training, there is no need of announcing that you are self-made. To anybody who knows anything about the subject, it is self evident. In fact it has become true in almost every line. Unless someone has helped to make you, besides yourself, it is obvious that not very much has been made. All of which means that people are either poking fun at you when they praise, or else their opinion doesn't amount to anything.

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THE CASE AGAINST SEGREGATION

By WILLIAM PICKENS

There is one problem which will be continuously forcing itself upon the attention of the American people for at least some generations yet to come, and that is the problem of whether or not to segregate, and just how far to segregate its Negro minority group. Of the people in this country who have Negro blood in their veins, there are at least twelve millions, and perhaps fifteen millions who know it themselves. At the same time there are about one hundred million people of various races who are termed together as "white." Because of very recent American slavery and still more recent oppression and repression of the Negro group in American freedom, the question of the civil status of the Negro race and of its relation to the general community will for some time to come arouse more feeling and call for more consideration than the problem of any other minority race in the nation.

The one very simple solution for this very complex difficulty which most people of the stronger group *feel*, rather than think, is SEGREGATION. For the majority of mankind does not think but rather feels its way out of troubles, or into them. So that it is more than likely that by far the greater number of those who naively and unscientifically assume and feel that segregation is the best way out, have at the same time perfectly easy consciences in their belief. They may even have a sense of fair play and highmindedness, and may look upon segregation as a mere "separation of the races" with a square deal to both and something like "equality" in the general body politic. But they have not thought the matter through, certainly not from the angle of the segregated minority. Let us therefore discuss segregation on its merits, from the viewpoint of justice and public economy, and not from the standpoint of sentiment or religion. In other words, let us not measure the matter by any preconception like a social ideal or religious creed, but let us consider merely the workableness and practicality of the scheme for effecting the ordinary human good which the majority of us hope for, and for protecting the just interests of the minority which is one of the best excuses for government. For present purposes, therefore, we make no appeal for any theory of race nor for the "ideal democracy," and we will not appeal to the "brotherhood of man" nor to the "Fatherhood of God"; but we want to see whether the segregation of the Negro race in the United States will do any good, regardless of any social or religious creeds and dogmas.

Very few white men in America would say, even to themselves, that the object in segregating the Negro is to hurt him or to do anybody an injustice. Most of them would say: It will not hurt anybody, while it will at least promote peace and happiness by catering to the sentiment and prejudices of the majority group. Some would even claim that segregation will actually promote the best interests of both races, with justice to all concerned. Nobody, of course, can demonstrate just how it would work out in any important detail, and nobody can cite any case where it ever worked out in detail.

In the first place, segregation always meets with opposition from the best people of the minority group, for these people know by experience where the burden of segregation falls. The fact of this constant opposition to segregation on the part of all Negroes of brains, who are free to express themselves, has caused to grow up in the mind of the majority group another misconception which further irritates and complicates the interracial relationship; namely, the conviction of many white people that Negroes, especially the ambitious and progressive kind, are trying to "get away from their own race" and to encroach upon the whites. It must be admitted that the outward appearance of things lends color to this opinion: for unless we take the second thought, every ambitious and progressive individual of any handicapped minority will present to us the illusion of trying to get out of his own group and into the ranks of the advantaged majority. In America, for instance, it has been and still is true that the white race, generally speaking, is up front while the Negro race is in the rear; and therefore every individual Negro or small group of that race which rises and comes forward, impresses casual observation as if deserting their own ranks and "invading" white territory. And this will continue to *seem* so, until a sufficient number of American Negroes come into the forward part of the congregation to make the individual instances less conspicuous. Fifty years ago the Negro started in almost one hundred per cent poor, ignorant and uncultured, so that wealth, intelligence and refinement naturally seemed to be the domain of the white race. And as individual Negroes of talent and opportunity are bound to come forward faster than the whole mass, these exceptional people unfortunately create the appearance of "breaking away" and "breaking in." This arouses a keen sense of group solidarity and "race integrity" in the stronger and more advantaged group. But it was ever so: the history of human progress is that some pioneering Titan goes forward, alone, to the mountain top and then beckons his less adventurous, maybe less reckless, fellows from the valley. These individuals are the tentacles of the mass. If white people are occupying all the best streets, when a Negro moves from one of the back streets to one of these better streets, he is, apparently, going from black to white. Where white people have all the best colleges, when a black student goes from an inferior to one of the superior schools, he is visually going from black to white. When white people control all the best places of amusement, if a Negro attempts to desert cheap vaudeville for grand opera, he is getting "out of his place." Segregation would thrust these individuals back upon the limitations of the mass and destroy the inspiration to progress of the whole minority group. One unavoidable issue, therefore, in any scheme of segregation is warfare against the best minds and bravest hearts of the weaker people.

That there has not been and never can be any such thing as segregated equality for members of the minority group, is proven by all experience in America and by every analysis. Take for example the public school. For present argument we will disregard the historic fact that no state with a settled segregated school policy has ever yet provided a school system for its colored children equal to that provided for its white children, and that the Negro children are not given their per capita share of the money for tuition, equipment and supervision. We will assume that the school funds are divided according to the census, and that at least such statistical honesty is practiced, in order to demonstrate that even then a great injustice would be done to the segregated minority. For if any state should scrupulously give to the children of the minority their per capita share of school funds, even then these segregated pupils would be robbed of the advantages of economy and inspiration and power to be found in the organized educational system of organized society. For example, a school district may have 1,000 white and only 10 colored children. If that district spends $50 per head for the education of its children, that would mean $50,000 for a school for the white child and $500 for a school for the Negro child. This whole segregated $500 could not hire for the colored children even one teacher who was worthy of his profession, and yet they would have to provide not only a faculty but also a school house, coal, books and other supplies. It would be utterly impossible to maintain a school on their segregated and arithmetically "just" share. And what then? Why, the school board, forced by the necessity for providing some sort of school arrangement for these colored children, would reluctantly and grudgingly squeeze out a few more paltry dollars from the general treasury, and the Negro population would be complained against and tolerated only as a "white man's burden" in that community. There would indeed be a burden, but the burden would be created by the institution of unnatural, unjust and uneconomical segregation of a minority. And the colored people, with the incompetent teacher and the unfit school house which this arrangement made necessary, would be expected to be eternally grateful that the *generous* white community permitted them to have any school at all. They might even be told: "Why, if it were left to you and your resources, you could not have a school for even thirty days!" As if the same thing might not be said to any ten of the white children. If each individual child were given his share of the school funds, none of them could have a school for a day. Manifestly the only way to do justice to a segregated minority in such case would make it at the same time necessary to do a great injustice to the unsegregated majority; if the state should establish a really adequate school system exclusively for its colored children, it must result in a great impoverishment of the general school system for all other children, for no state can do *its best* by two such systems. Only one school system and a makeshift can be set up, and as the minority does not collect and disburse the school funds, it requires no long discussion to decide who will get the makeshift. The absurdity is perfectly clear when reduced to its lowest terms and greatest extremes; for if there were but one colored child in the county, and the law, as in Mis-

sissippi, required that he must attend only a separate school, this little black must either (1) have no school at all, or (2) provide a whole school system with his per capita share of the school funds, or (3) be a "burden" to the whole white community.

It is clear that segregation in the public estate does not simply "separate the races," but thrusts the minority out of the estate. The same truth is illustrated by every form of segregation and discriminatory law based on the accident of race and color, where one of the races is a disadvantged minority. And if the two races were equal in number and should be given absolutely equal advantages by having all our institutions arranged on a fifty-fifty basis—then *everybody would lose*. But it is unlikely that there would ever be any demand for segregation if neither group could be relatively disadvantaged by it. The very recent attempt to establish black ghettos in the land by residential segregation laws might not have been made, had the blacks been equal in number and in possession of just as much and just as good property as the whites held at the time: for then such a law on the part of either group would be an effort to compel the other group to keep the equality which it already had. But the Negro was occupying the inferior places and was coming forward and gradually acquiring some of the better locations from the whites, so that the statute was aimed to keep the Negro where he was. Of course, the same statute that forbade the blacks to move into white sections, also forbade the whites to move into black sections, but this latter provision was an effort to make the law constitutional. Inasmuch as no law is needed to forbid a man to move from a superior to an inferior condition and status, these statutes were a limitation only upon the black race. In many places when such statutes and ordinances were enacted and passed, the Negroes were living in back alleys, on back streets and out on the railway tracks; so that the law, while phraseologically impartial, was in effect a most terrible discrimination. In reality the whites were forbidden to move into the alleys, and the Negroes were forbidden to move *out*. It was a joker to forbid the whites, in most communities, to move into "black" territory. A law is not undiscriminating simply because its phrases are well-balanced; the conditions of the parties concerned must be taken into account. Else we might pass a law that the intelligent shall not teach the ignorant, and make it "constitutional" by adding that the ignorant are also forbidden to teach the intelligent; or that the rich shall not establish charities for the poor, nor the poor for the rich. Such a law would be no more a mockery than a law forbidding those who have no homes from acquiring homes of those who have them, and then adding that those who have homes are also forbidden to acquire homes from those who have them not.

These ordinances and statutes were so plainly unconstitutional in their purport and effect that an organized effort of colored people, assisted by friendly whites, got the enactments declared unconstitutional by a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1917. But the segregationists are taking a new road to the same undesirable destination; they are writing into deeds and other conveyances an agreement or contract never to sell or let said property to colored people. When a colored woman in Washington, D. C., bought a house and lot and was about to move in, she was prevented by court injunction. The enjoiners averred that the party from whom this colored woman acquired the property, had previously entered into an agreement with them not to sell or let during the next twenty-one years to any person of Negro blood (see footnote*). If *not* for twenty-one years, why not for ninety-one, with provision for re-extending the exclusion at the expiration of the specified time? Then the upshot would be that private citizens and corporations could use the courts to perpetrate a wrong which these same courts have forbidden any power of government to perpetrate. While the law does not authorize these discriminations based on race and color, still if the courts can be used to enforce these discriminations, then the law becomes a party to the agreement and an accomplice after the fact. Is it any less unconstitutional for the law to enforce a private agreement against public policy than for the law to authorize and then enforce such acts? The government is but the organized citizenry. What the government forbids the organized citizenry to do, because it is a bad thing to do, can this same government, morally or lawfully, help individual citizens and private money-interests to do?—As we write (January, 1925), this case is before the Supreme Court.

There is no disposition to deny the right of white citizens privately to agree not to sell their private property to colored people—and to keep the agreement so long as they can privately do so. But when one or more of them decides to break the agreement and the law can be summoned to enforce the agreement, then the law becomes the really effective power behind the discrimination. It is against the law to make and sell whiskey, and the law could hardly be summoned to enforce a private agreement to make and sell whiskey. Of course, the whiskey prohibition is directed even against private citizens, while the prohibition of discrimination by the 14th and 15th amendments is directed against governments—but would not the government become a party to the discrimination if it enforced the discrimination?

This effort to indirectly institute racial ghettos is as plain a violation of the spirit and intention of the law as was the former effort. It is discrimination against race and color. If effective against the Negro race, it may be used against any race or class. Such agreements enforced by the courts would make law a sham and justice a hollow mockery. To say to colored Americans who are a minority in the nation, and in some localities a very very small minority: "Go and build up an end of the town for yourselves and make your own parks, libraries, schools, playhouses and other community interests," is just as fundamentally wrong as to say the same thing to poor whites. For the fundamental error is to consider men as primarily parts of some handicapped minority instead of as individual members of the general community. The most progressive and forward-coming poor white man ought not to be limited to the status and possibilities of the most unprogressive and backward of the group from which he is emerging. No commonwealth can give a square deal to a segregated minority. We can again appeal to *reductio ad absurdum:* suppose there was but one Negro in our town; we might give him his per capita share of the general public revenues, say $100, and then bid him: "Go, now, into your own section, and run your own school, park, library, police and fire departments, water system, sanitary and street cleaning organizations and other civic enterprises." The injustice done that individual Negro would only differ *in degree* from the injustice done by the segregation of a larger minority.

Failure to consider the standpoint and viewpoint of the minority has caused a lot of misunderstanding of the motives of colored Americans. Take, for example, the laws against inter-marriage. All intelligent Negroes are opposed to them, even all of those who are *already married*. And that is a mystery to most white people, until it is explained to them. But the basis of the opposition becomes plain when we consider:

1. That a *law* tends to create a status for a group, and no such law could ever have any effect against the more powerful and advanced group.

2. The protection of colored women is the chief of all motives behind Negro opposition to intermarriage prohibitions.

This becomes clear when we consider the relative effect of intermarriage laws on the welfare of white and colored women. Practically all interracial cohabitation and miscegenation in America have taken place between the better class of white men (financially speaking) and the more dependent class of Negro women. Black men and white women have had an insignificant and negligible share in it. So that when white men propose to pass laws against interracial marriage, it looks like clothing themselves with immunity and issuing to themselves free licenses for the illegitimate intercourse. Such laws naturally get no sympathy from colored men, because they seem to legalize the raid on colored women by removing the last technical deterrent: the responsibility of the male aggressor for seduction and bastardy. We have said before and we repeat here, that if the real object be to break up miscegenation, then a law *compelling* intermarriage wherever there is a natural relation that calls for it, will prevent more miscegenation in a year than a law forbidding intermarriage can prevent in a thousand years. The more helpless the women of the weaker group, the greater prey are those women. The facts support this doctrine: there was more mixing in slavery than in freedom; there is more in the poverty of colored people than among the well-to-do; and there is more in Georgia and Mississippi, where the law in-

(*Continued on page* 400)

*Court of Appeals, District of Columbia, No. 4059, Corrigan and Curtis vs. Buckley, Page 2: The agreement recites, that the parties for the mutual benefit of the community and neighborhood comprising the said property desired to improve and in any legal way further the interests of the same, and, provides that in consideration of the premises and the sum of five ($5.00) dollars each to the other paid, the parties thereto "mutually covenant, promise and agree each with the other, and for their respective heirs and assigns, that no part of the land now owned by the parties hereto, a more detailed description of said property being given after the respective signatures hereto, shall ever be used or occupied by, or sold, conveyed, leased, rented or given to Negroes or any other person or persons of the Negro race and blood. This covenant shall run with the land, and bind the respective heirs and assigns of the parties hereto, for the period of twenty-one (21) years from and after the date of these presents."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

By CHANDLER OWEN

In the words of Mr. Dooley, "the American people are amoosing cusses." They curse a man while he lives, then praise him so soon as he is dead. The explanation for this may be the exceeding jubilation over the poor devil's passing. Nevertheless, it is proverbial that one who is the butt of ridicule and opposition during his long earthly sojourn, may be deified after death.

C. OWEN

The apotheosis of William Jennings Bryan is already going on. It began the day of his death. Friends and enemies, and friendly enemies, began to broadcast lies lauding him for qualities which he never possessed, and virtues which in him were conspicuous for their absence. Even men so critical and scholarly as ClarenceDarrow, fell in to the vicious circle. Special stress hasbeen laid on h is courage and sincerity. A few south-erners even c harged him with being intelligent. TheNation magazi ne praised his heart, while lamenting hishead shortage.

Being a rather frank and honest fellow, we do not propose to fall into this circle of American lying. We are going to appraise Mr. Bryan for his true worth, or worthlessness, and lay the record bare.

Our conception of courage is one's willingness to defend an unpopular position whether right or wrong, if he believes he is right. Nevertheless, we would not give unstinted praise to courage except insofar as it was displayed in a noble cause. Bryan did neither. Paradoxical as it may seem he never championed an unpopular cause. It is true that many of his fool ideas could not secure majority support all over the country, but this is likewise true of bandits and highwaymen. They don't court popularity except in their special class. To illustrate. Mr. Bryan was supposed to be a great democratic champion. The powerful business interests of the country were opposed to him. They would not have supported him even if he had championed their cause, when strong men like John W. Davis, George Gordon Battle, Wm. G. McAdoo, and Alfred Smith were available. He lived throughout his political career in the central west,—Illinois and Nebraska,—and the south,—Florida. He perpetually baited Wall Street, the money-bound, predatory interests, and the financial oligarchy. Yet this required no courage, for it was popular, both in the agricultural west and the rural south to bait the city bankers and brokers and the east.

As a champion of prohibition (which we favor), he ran true to form. The south had already abolished liquor to secure more work out of Negroes and poor whites. The central west and the far west had rapidly manuevered into the same position, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Chicago notwithstanding. Even the great brewing state of California had become dry. Capital, led by John D. Rockefeller, Elbert Gary, and such uninfluential financiers, was supporting the anti-saloon cause. The American Federation of Labor, over the opposition of such an uninfluential labor leader as Gompers, had voted in favor of prohibition. The strong hold of the liquor interests was the cities. The cities, too, had better educational facilities, producing more intelligent citizens, where, as one might logically expect, the opposition to Bryan was strongest. Therefore, in Bryan's opposition to liquor he was chiming right in with his environment and a popular cause, and not doing any up-hill journey.

The War offered an excellent opportunity for a display of courage both among the most humble and the most high. The nation was obsessed with hysteria. The anti-Hun spirit was especially intense among the Anglo-Saxon and American Huns. Freedom of speech was crushed beneath Saturn's heel. The Germans were tarred and feathered and lynched like Negroes. Economic independence manifested among farmers and laborers, about whom Bryan grew so eloquent in his "Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold" speech, was almost wiped out. Townsley, leader of the Farmers Non-Partisan League, was persecuted and thrown in jail. Too many labor leaders followed this course to be named in a short article. Aggregations of capital exploited the country and pressed down upon the brow of its citizenry that very crown of thorns and crucified it on that very cross of gold which the Commoner had so much lamented in 1896.

In short, America was terrible, bigoted, hysterical, cruel, intolerant, four thousand miles from the war zone, the United States of America, under the pretext of war, had stripped its people of more liberties than countries like France, Belgium and England, right in the heart of hostilities. An hundred years hence some history student reading of Mr. Bryan's wonderful reputation for courage and reading America's unenviable record of intolerance, attempting to make a deduction on his position during the world war, will undoubtedly conclude that the Commoner was perpetually touring the country denouncing the iron heel of war, and pleading for a spirit of fair play, of Liberty and Freedom. But we today know that he did no such thing. On the contrary, he was as silent as the sphinz.

After every war there is a tendency for soldiers to continue in private life the activities to which they have become accustomed during their participation in the war. They are constantly maiming, killing, perpetrating cruelties upon their enemy, so they run true to form and habit in continuing practices long after the conditions which brought them forth have passed. It is not peculiar to America. The Facisti of Italy the most Bold Crusaders of England, the Royal Legions of France, the American Legion here, and the Ku Klux Klan represented the continuation in civil life of the organized spirit of war with all of its intolerance, bigotry, race and national baiting. In England and France, a long tradition of civil and political liberty quickly squelched their crusading bigots. The American Legion having a larger number of intelligent men, could not long endure actively persecuting dissenters and breaking up meetings. Their more intelligent communities would not stand for it. The Ku Klux Klan, however, was a southern litter of medieval rattle snakes and the mecca of mid-night moccasins, whose ignorant clientel maimed and murdered and burned and tarred and feathered, till the whole nation, including Texas and Oklahoma, arose in revolt. What was Bryan's contribution to the suppressing of this almost unbelievable horde of Huns which disgraced America. Has he ever yet raised the hand or lifted his voice in the interest of their many victims? Has this King of America's denouncers ever denounced the white shirted clowns and hyenas who trample Liberty beneath their feet? He did not. On the contrary, he led the fight to prevent their condemnation and denunciation at the national Democratic Convention in New York in 1924. And why? Simply because where he was living, in Florida, and the ignorant section from which his support came—the southern states and the rural sections of the central west,—the Ku Klug Knuts had control of the political machinery, to which he was constantly catering in hopes that he might be lifted to the presidency for which he perpetually ran.

How about the Anti-Evolution fight? Didn't Bryan show courage there? We should say not. For both in the south where he was residing, and the north and west which he frequently toured, the majority sentiment is actually fundamentalist. It is less so in the north than in the south because the north is better educated. Morever, where the trial took place there was hardly a liberally educated man within a radius of 50 miles. It is probable that no educated man had ever been in that territory until it was invaded by Darrow, Malone, Hayes and the scientific witnesses whom they called.

Here we are led to ask whether a demagogue should be

termed courageous and sincere. Observe Bryan's action at the trial, his play to the gallery, his unsportsmanlike effort to shut out all evidence of his opponents in a trial which was less legal and more educational. He does not trust to dignified fair play even in a community where as Al Kuffman says, *"one could not get an idea of scientific fact into the heads of its inhabitants with a sledge hammer."* He refers to "those foreign lawyers from the Godless cities of New York and Chicago who come into Tennessee to impose upon its people their brand of religion," knowing full well that this allegation was not possessed with a shred of truth.

Bryan had a long political career in America. He had travelled the entire south, lived in Miami, Florida, and been an editor. He had not only read of, but seen the injustices perpetrated upon the lowly and the weak black people in this land. A man of courage and sincerity would have done some act, or uttered some word, against all this as John W. Davis, Theodore Roosevelt, even Warren Harding, and Col. Watterson did. But he lived in Miami, Florida, his last years when his political career had practically ended, when he had made a veritable fortune and no longer needed to cater for financial nor political reasons. Miami, Florida, one of the worst hell-holes in which Negroes have ever been thrown, prejudiced—intolerant—bigoted—Ku Klux ridden, ignorant and unashamed, having closed the door of hope to people of color. All this about Bryan—crowding into his eyes, viewed at every moment, seen in all of its glaring and gory grimness, seen under circumstances which would have moved Lincoln, Jefferson, and Roosevelt both to speak and act; and yet he sat there complacent, contented, satisfied, silent, torturing Mark Anthony to rise from his grave and protest: "Oh, Justice thou are fled to bruttish beasts, and men have lost their reason."

Another virtue attributed to Bryan by America's mollycoddle critics is sincerity. Pray tell us where he ever manifested it other than in his efforts to become president of the United States! Everybody who is not a novice in affairs understands that he had no intention of nominating Woodrow Wilson at Baltimore or McAdoo at New York. What he intended to do was to throw the convention in confusion, to discourage the delegates, to make them feel that no one else could get the nomination, as a result of which he would be considered the dark horse and be given the nomination himself.

Bryan could hardly be considered a strong man merely because he got the nomination of the Democrats three times. Up till 1912 the democrats met largely for oratorical purposes. It afforded an opportunity for the Bryans, the Bourke Cochrans, the Champ Clarks, the James A. Reeds, the Malones, to display their oratorical gifts while the southern, ignorant Anglo Saxon delegates, and the lunatic fringe of Irish and Jews could enjoy the spread eagle oratory. In fact, the democratic convention had to make a serious effort to donate the presidential nomination—to get somebody to accept it. And in their desperation, when all seemed lost and hopeless, and just as they were about to declare everybody had declined, the courageous Bryan would always come forth exclaiming, "Behold I am here, be not afraid." After 1912 when stronger men like Woodrow Wilson, Wm. G. McAdoo, Newton Baker, Alfred Smith, Thos. J. Walsh, and the very able John W. Davis came on the scene, Bryan was no more. In fact, candidates began to fight for the democratic nomination instead of the democratic convention having to fight to get some one to accept the nomination as in Bryan's political babbling brook days when he ran on forever.

It is hardly necessary to argue about Bryan's ability, since every responsible person agrees that he was mentally incompetent and Burke says "what no man disputes I need not prove." But we want to make two allusions. First, anyone who read his cross examination by Darrow at the Dayton-monkey trial will wonder whether there is any Negro minister in the United States who could have made a more ridiculous showing in reply to Darrow's questions. Second, no doubt after having read his own replies Bryan, a public man, in political life for 30 years, felt called upon to issue a two column statement telling the world that he is educated. Such senility and dotage have afforded Europe more hearty guffaws than all America's professed comedians. Imagine someone calling Bernard Shaw an ignoramus and then picture Shaw sitting down issuing a statement explaining how his mother took him by the hand and carried him to the public school, how he finished college as the valedictorian of his class, then naming the schools which had conferred honorary degrees upon him, and the countries in Europe in which he had travelled, where he had been the invited guest of people who had never told him that he was ignorant, as though hostesses often tell their guests just how ignorant they regard them.

Our last word will deal with Bryan as an orator. Here his reputation rests upon a hackneyed phrase made in a political convention which had been talked to death by extremely dry and uninteresting politicians. By comparison Mr. Bryan outshone them. The caliber of the convention which proclaimed him can best be judged by his willingness to nominate an unknown character with an unknown character, without experience, without exceptional intelligence, or wide grasp of affairs. Just as Bryan was not a great thinker he was not a great orator. He was not a cogent reasoner and he was a very poor logician. Among his alleged masterpieces there will be found nothing which remotely approximates Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Abraham Lincoln, John Calhoun, Henry Clay, not to mention Robert Ingersoll, or the fine political addresses made by John W. Davis in last year's campaign. His alleged orations are void of vision, puerile in reasoning, vacuous in thought, without that rich imagery which the agnostic Ingersoll could so beautifully weave. They even lack the persuasion peculiar to oratory and which should be its distinguishing feature. As an orator Bryan was primarily a word monger and a word multiplier. His last effort, which was to have been his argument at the Dayton trial, would not pass a preparatory college teacher of English for admission to the semi final debating try-out.

All in all, William Jennings Bryan was just a loquacious politician, with a seeming, but not real courage, with little sincerity, with very low intellectual ability, and an old school spread-eagle orator. All his activities pointed toward his eventually becoming president of the United States. In very truth, one cynic says of him, "if monkeys had votes Bryan would be the champion of evolution." Denouncing Wall street gamblers so soon as he saw the opportunity, he went into Florida real estate business at Miami—a sort of speculation and dealing in fictitious values which in anybody else would have been termed by the prolific phrase making commoner, "a shell game."

He could be considered great nowhere else but in America, where a population composed largely of morons enables a little star to shine brightly in comparison. He went into the south where he could shine brighter. On the principle enunciated in Milton's Paradise Lost where Belzeebub exclaims, "Better to rule in hell, than serve in heaven."

Many Negro publications mistake in appraising Bryan after his death. We were especially surprised to find Editor Bibb, of the Chicago Whip, slipping up so grossly. Bryan meant nothing to Negroes. In fact, when he addressed the Press Club of Washington his speech was one constant advocacy of white supremacy. Our only criticism would be that he was born too soon and died too late. In the words of that bible which he died so feebly defending, "May he go in peace and sin no more."

The Letters of Davy Carr Will Be Continued in January Number

COMPANY UNIONS A LA PULLMAN

By R. W. DUNN

"The cards are stacked against us. The company officials serve as prosecutor, jury, and judge in the committee. Whether a porter is right or wrong, the company is always sustained. Why? Because the plan belongs to the company."—From a statement by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in the process of organization, 1925.

In the year 1920 the Pullman Company established an "Employee Representative Plan" to apply to all its workers in the shops and on the cars. The company plan was devised to forestall unionization and to keep down labor troubles. Let us examine first its application to the 12,000 colored porters who work for this Company. What happened to them under the Plan?

Discrimination

Like other such plans the Pullman constitution declares in Article 6, Section C, "There shall be no discrimination by the company or by any of its employees on account of membership or non-membership in any fraternal society or union."

This section has been repeatedly violated ever since the plan was put into operation. Says A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters, in the *Nation*, September 30, 1925:

"Since the movement began to organize the porters through a series of articles in the MESSENGER, the men have been repeatedly called into the office of the company and questioned as to what interest they have in the movement. When a mass meeting was arranged at the Elks Auditorium in New York City . . . the men were threatened with discharge if they attended."

Apparently "no discrimination" and the following statement are perfectly compatible in the mind of the Pullman management. From the *Railway Age*, December 24, 1920, page 111-4:

"In submitting the plan to its employees, the Pullman Company makes it clear that 'the right to hire and discharge, the management of the properties, and the direction of the working forces shall be vested exclusively in the company.' The employees' Representation Plan is designed to settle grievances arising in connection with the working out of the company functions."

How the Plan Works

Even before the campaign for the porters' union began, the plan had been preverted to the uses of the company in its policy of keeping the porters in subjection. When the plan did not work out to the interests of the company it simply violated its provisions quite openly.

Take the case of the porter on a car in the Baltimore yards. It was the day of the Army and Navy football game with especially heavy traffic. The porter X had finished making up his car and had then helped a number of other porters make up theirs in preparation for the evening rush. Having finished, he was leaving the yards when the superintendent halted him and told him he had no business to go, that he should return and help the others. Porter X informed the superintendent that he had already done so, and proceeded on his way out of the yards, but not before the superintendent had taken his name. The superintendent wrote at once to the porters' district superintendent in New York asking for his immediate discharge for talk and conduct unbecoming a porter. The New York superintendent looked up the record card of X and found it was without a blemish; he had been five years in the Pullman service.

In view of this fact, the New York superintendent asked the Baltimore superintendent to reconsider the case. The latter refused. The New York superintendent then asked the general manager in Washington to review the case. The latter, after consultation with the Baltimore superintendent, could obtain no other recommendation from him but discharge. Finally, the case was referred to the Operation Department in Chicago, and X was summarily dismissed, although the New York superintendent as well as the Washington official had both been loathe to recommend it, and although the porter had an absolutely spotless record card.

Here was a clear case for the Plan to handle. So after the discharge the grievance was taken up by the district committee of ten, all of whom, including the five representatives of the management, voted for X's reinstatement. Under the provisions of the Plan this should have ended the matter. But when the committee's recommendation was sent to the Bureau of Industrial Relations of the Pullman Company at Chicago, they passed it on to the management which turned down the recommendation of the committee. Finally, after many complications, the case was appealed from the District Committee through what is known as the Zone General Committee, the next higher appeal body, where by a vote of 18 to 2, Porter X was upheld. The Committee recommended that he be returned to work. But at the same time the management was sustained (it always is as against the porters) in its position although the porter was returned to his job, however without his lost pay. Under the Plan, as advertised and displayed for public approval, the case should have been finally decided by the Committee of first instance and X returned with full pay for his lost time.

Another case illustrates how the Plan serves as a graveyard for grievances. A porter is discharged during the union campaign. It is intimated to him by the management that he is dropped because of a wire received from Chicago. Why? Because he was known to be very active in support of the newly organized union. The man has an absolutely clean record card. The local committee, when such appeals are handed to them, are supposed, under the Plan to give a decision in ten days. But the Committee stalls and refuses to meet to take up the case. The Porter remains on the street.

Another porter who has served the company for years and who is an active and intelligent local committeeman under the Plan is discharged. Why? Because he sent a letter to the delegates in other districts calling attention to the annual opportunity to discuss wages, etc., in conference with the management, and urging them to state what the men wanted discussed at this conference. One of these letters falls into company hands. His superintendent forwith discharges the porter because he is informed he has written a letter seeking to "cause trouble" with the company. This "trouble" had consisted partly of the porter's active participation in defending in the district committee the rights of a discharged porter by securing back pay for the discharged man, who had been reinstated after the charges against him had fallen through. The Bureau of Industrial Relations was forced, through the persistency of the committee member, whom it later discharged, to pay this check, although it first deducted for fifteen days' service.

In other instances the company has completely ignored the provisions of the Plan and obeyed the instructions of superintendents rather than district committees on questions over which the committees, under the constitution of the Plan, are supposed to have complete jurisdiction. A porter returning to his home ahead of the time he was expected, found his wife consorting with another gentleman and proceeded to kick him downstairs. The wife sued for divorce. The porter was called out on the road before the hearing in the Court. The lawyer he retained failed to appear in court, so the porter was held in contempt. Whereupon the Pullman superintendent steps in paternally and tells the porter if he does not pay the alimony to the wife, he will be discharged from the service. The porter refuses to pay, and spends ten days in jail. While he is in jail, the wife goes to Detroit, there secures a divorce, and "takes up" with the other gentleman. The superintendent thereupon tells the porter he can come back to work only when he has proven his wife's infidelity. He produces the evidence from Detroit. The superintendent still refuses to take him back. He appeals to the district committee which votes 6 to 4 to put him back to work, and so recommends to the Company's Bureau of Industrial Relations in Chicago. But the Bureau refuses to accept the finding of the local committee, takes the word of the superintendent, and refuses to reinstate him. Again the machinery of employee representation is violated, to indulge the personal spite of a company superintendent.

Those porters elected to the local committees who may happen to display any backbone against the company's paternalism, are dealt with pitilessly under the Employee Plan. An amusing incident will illustrate. It is taken from an article by Mr. Randolph, in the MESSENGER, on "The Pullman Company and the Pullman Porter":

"A classic instance in point is the case of a porter who was accused by a woman passenger of having hugged her at two o'clock in the morning. She claimed that she screamed and stuck him with a hatpin, that he hollered, but no one came or awoke. This, too, was in a ten-section car. She never reported the incident until seven o'clock in the morning to the trainman. The porter denied it. The trainman and Pullman

conductor wrote the woman's report to the Pullman Office. The case hung on for six months. One morning one of the members of the Grievance Committee, under the Employees Representative Plan, was commanded to come to the office and sit on the case. This porter had been up two nights on the road. When he appeared in the office before the nine men sitting on the case, he pleaded that he was unfit to deliberate on the matter; that he needed rest. 'To insist upon my passing judgment on this case indicates,' said the porter, 'that either you undervalue your own ability or you overvalue mine, because you expect me to do in a few minutes what it has taken you six months to do, and still you have not finished.' This porter member of the Grievance Committee maintained that it was ridiculous to think that a porter would hug a woman in a ten-section car, that a woman could scream and not awaken the passengers or the Pullman conductor who was asleep in a berth only two spaces away; and that the porter could yell and not be heard. The accused porter had requested the officials to examine him stripped for the pin prick, but this was not done. The porter member of the Grievance Committee ponted out that the Company was doing to the porter what a mob in the South would not do to its victim, namely, it was trying and convicting him without his accuser identifying him. He also contended that the woman might have dreamt that someone was hugging her, and the next morning put it on the porter, the most defenseless person on the car.

"This porter was fired after he had walked the streets for six months. The porter member of the Grievance Committee was forthwith framed-up and fired because of his manly attitude in fighting for the accused porter. He is a responsible citizen of New York."

Company Tactics

The tactics of the company during the porters' organization drive in the fall of 1925 illustrates to what lengths it will go to intimidate workers asked by their fellow-workers to join the union. After a certain meeting held for organization purposes in New York City, the superintendent in that district called fifty of the men who had been at the meeting into his office before eight o'clock the following morning to ask them why they had attended such a meeting. In the Pittsburgh District the Pullman superintendent openly declared he would fire any porter joining the union. In St. Louis, the superintendent told some of the porters if they were going to be fools enough to join the union they would come to their senses when they found their places taken by Mexicans and Japanese workers which the company held in readiness for any such organization move by the present porters.

It is clear also that the company originally forced through the plan on the porters although it was unsuccessful in getting it endorsed by the organized Pullman conductors. The Plan was forced through among the porters chiefly by the effective use of intimidation. Men who would not vote under the plan were held off their runs and their pay checks held up. Especially were these tactics employed in March, 1924, when the company wanted to get out a record vote on the plan.

It is reported also that when the plan was "put over" in 1920, the porters in one district were handed a blue book containing the constitution and by-laws, and told they could not leave the yards until they had voted under the Plan. They were told that every other district had accepted the plan and therefore this district must accept it. They discovered later that their district was one of the first where the vote was taken. The same trick was employed in the other districts.

Again, the committees, under the Plan, are not permitted by the company to have persons charged with certain offenses appear before them to hear the charges. The defendant is never allowed to face the evidence or to be in the room when the charges are made, often by some prejudiced "welfare worker" serving as a stoolpigeon for the company. In the same manner the procedure before the higher committees is conducted, the charges and evidence against him has been drawn.

Pullman Welfare

An interesting type of welfare work is that used by the Pullman Company in dealing with its colored porters. This welfare activity is closely associated with the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America, organized in 1920, to which any porter may belong. The association provides him with insurance in which the premium is doubled should the porter leave the service or company. The Board of Directors of the Benefit Association originally consisted of five porters and two welfare workers. But gradually the entire seven have been transformed into instructors or welfare workers on the company payoll at $175 a month, as compared with the porters' wages of $67.50. In other words, the company has seen to it that the Benefit Association stays within its control, although an annual election of one porter delegate from each of sixty-six districts still maintains the illusion of democracy. The Grand Chairman of the Benefit Association is one Perry Parker, a high official of the Pullman Company. Not a cent of the funds of the Benefit Association is spent without the approval of the company.

The porters charge that the welfare workers are professional stoolpigeons of the company, prying into the "characters" of the porters, searching for radicals and progressives, making charges against any employee who shows any spirit of independence or criticism. Not only is this type of semi-professional spy provided for by the company, but the voluntary type is encouraged, the porters declare. One of them tells, for example, of a superintendent at the Pennsylvania Station in New York who, at a meeting of the porters, told them: "If you see anything happening in the homes or on the streets or anything concerning our employees which might interest us, we want you to come right to my office and tell me personally. Your name will not be mentioned."

CONVENTION AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY

By MARGUERITE C. E. THOMAS

The Alpha Kappa Sorority will hold its eighth annual convention in 1925 at Howard University from December 28th to December 31st inclusive. The Alpha Kappa Alpha, the oldest national organization of its kind had its birth at Howard during the year 1907-08, since which time forty odd chapters have been organized throughout the country. The National Basileus is Miss L. Pearl Mitchell, of Cleveland, Ohio. Of local chapters there are two: Alpha, or undergraduate chapter of Howard University, with Miss Bernice Chism as Basileus; and Xi Omega, or graduate chapter, with Mrs. Harriet B. Allen as Basileus. Xi Omega, as hostess chapter, is making elaborate plans and preparations for the entertainment of its visiting sorors during the coming Christmas season.

The campus of Howard University is to be the scene of many of its festivities. A huge Christmas tree, electrically lighted will serve as a sign of greeting. The ivy-crowned chapel will open its doors for inspirational and educational meetings. There is no place more fitting for such an occasion than old H. U. where stands the first monument to the Alpha Kappa Sorority in the form of its chapter house. A detailed program of the events of the Boule will follow.

The purposes of holding said convention are: to pool the events and ideas of the past year, to suggest possibilities of new and better plans for the coming year, and to renew as a common denominator of inspiration, the ideal as expressed in the motto of the organization "Not for ourselves, but for others."

Program of the Eighth Annual Convention

The program for the convention from Dec. 28th to Dec. 31st inclusive, of the Alpha Kappa Sorority has been outlined as follows:

On Dec. 28th following the morning and afternoon sessions of the Directorate, will be a public inspirational meeting at 8 P. M. in the Rankin Memorial Chapel to which the public is cordially invited. President Durkee is to be one of the speakers. A musical program is also

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By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Consumers' Co-operation:—It is quite fashionable among a certain class of barber shop intellectuals in the good community of Harlem, to loudly deplore the fact that there are no co-operative enterprises among the sable working people who make up its population. This belief is based on nothing but the inability of these people to observe obvious social phenomena. As a matter of fact the dark citizens along Seventh and Lenox Avenues and adjacent thoroughfares have brought this form of economic endeavor to its highest perfection. The object of organizations and enterprises of this nature is to supply to its members at a minimum cost the necessities of life. And that organization or government is best, according to political theorists, which performs this function with a minimum of government (officials). Since the sable Harlemites achieve this goal quite admirably, it is no exaggeration to state that they have attained perfection.

And how do they do it? Well, let us take a concrete case: As quite often happens, Sam Williams' rent is due, or his shoes are worn, or his clothes threadbare, and Br'er Williams has not the wherewithal to provide himself with these necessities. So he forthwith notifies all his friends and acquaintances, near and far, that on such and such a Saturday night he will be holding open house; that pigs' feet, chitterlings, cold beer and post-Volsteadian liquors will be served to the accompaniment of such soothing operatic selections as "Shake That Thing," "Cheatin' on Me," "Don't Shake It No More," "Get It Fixed," etc.; that admission is only twenty-five cents and refreshments proportionately low in price. On the evening in question over thirty shebas and sheiks, fresh from their weekly labors of hustling baggage, running elevators or washing clothes, with their pockets or handbags bulging with coin of the Republic, assemble in Sam's six-room flat, and proceed—as Omar said—to "turn 'em on." They eat, drink, practice the rythmic wrestling known as modern dancing, and otherwise make merry, to the great annoyance of the family downstairs. At five o'clock in the morning they wend their way to their respective caves and turn in.

Senor Williams then proceeds to count the proceeds. The total outlay was $12.50; the total income $52.90; net profit $40.40. No salaries for officials, no extra overhead. None of his friends has spent over $4, yet the problem of rent, shoes, or clothes is solved—for the time being. And mind: all of the proceeds go for the purpose intended. How many governments of states and municipalities can meet their budget with less difficulty? In very truth, the Harlemites can teach the world political economy. Here is consumers' co-operation with all its benefits and none of its faults.

The Bachelors' Friend:—In these hectic modern times when privacy and pelf are difficult to obtain, the wise man remains a bachelor. Contrary to the belief of romantic half-wits and the propaganda of women, marriage is slavery—an economic burden; and, as Engels says "resolves itself in the best of cases into a community of leaden ennui." Your intelligent bachelor knows this, and, if he be a competent lover, he fights shy of matrimony as a priest does of celibacy. But he cannot long do this unaided. The gentle sex insist upon rent, food, clothes and liquor money. This your bachelor is unwilling to supply. Here's where the bachelor's friend steps in and cuts the Gordian knot of dilemma: He is first to the alter, first to the landlord, first in the ranks of cuckoldom. He is—the husband!

The Professional Student:—He first graduated from a third rate jim crow "college" in the South. A couple of years later you saw him at Howard. From there he wandered here and there from one college to another all over the North and East. Everywhere he has yokelry charmed as he nonchalantly drops a four-syllable word and boasts of the courses he has taken and is taking or will take. Although approaching baldness, he still speaks of "We boys at the college." Finally, you hear no more of him. The various colleges know not his whereabouts. After fifteen or twenty years "in school" he has at last snared a rich widow, a well-to-do Y. W. C. A. Secretary or a middle-aged school teacher. Next time you see him, he has a well equipped office, a car, and mayhap, a secretary (N. Y.). A number of these professional students are pretty shrewd, even if they do spend a generation going from college to college.

In the News Lanes:—Much interest attaches to the recent controversy in Washington over the proposed admittance to this country of Dr. Fritz Hamburg of the University of Berlin, discoverer of 999, the serum for changing skin pigmentation, as revealed in the following news dispatches from the national capital:

ADMITTANCE OF HAMBURG CONDEMNED

German Scientist Declared Menace

Negro Leaders Aroused; Congress Besieged

(*Special to the Evening Moron*)

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10th.—Great opposition has been aroused by the proposed action of Secretary of Labor Davis to admit to the country, Dr. Fritz Hamburg, noted scientist of the University of Berlin who recently discovered the serum for changing skin pigmentation after 999 experiments. Delegations from the Ku Klux Klan, the U. N. I. J., the N. A. A. C. B., the Industrial League for Negroes, the Anglo-Saxon Clubs, and the various Negro religious denominations visited the Labor Department offices during the day and were closeted for hours with Secretary Davis.

All day long messenger boys dashed in carrying telegrams from prominent Negroes and whites warning against the admittance of the German savant. Pressure is also being brought to bear on a number of Congressmen to use their influence in debarring the eminent scientist. When questioned by newspaper men, Secretary Davis would have nothing to say, but when pressed he admitted that the situation was grave and the country very much aroused. Major R. R. Hoton, Principal of Duskybee Institute, a Negro school, was loudly cheered by the Hemp Manufacturers Convention this afternoon when he denounced the proposed admittance of Dr. Hamburg as "an unpatriotic action, and one calculated to ruin your industry and mine."

The Secretary of a Negro advancement association declared that he was in possession of information proving that Dr. Hamburg had been corresponding with a firm of prominent chemists in this country with a view to the manufacture of his serum for sale to Negroes. "The entire force of enlightened public opinion," he declared, "must be brought to bear to avert this calamity. This man is more dangerous than the fomenters of Bolshevism. His dastardly drug would upset our social system in three weeks."

Dr. Evans, the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, who was standing nearby, nodded his head in agreement, and added that "the sale of this hellish concoction would be a mortal blow to Nordic supremacy upon which this great government is founded. The entire membership of the Ku Klux Klan is united against admitting this foreigner to the country, and endangering the life of the most American organization in America."

A strong resolution condemning the proposed action was passed by the Washington Branch of the National Skin Whiteners' Association, decrying in the harshest terms an action "calculated to destroy the economic foundation of the Negro cultured classes."

The Secretary of the Industrial League for Negroes was given a great ovation at the Mount Hambone Methodist Church last evening when he declared to the assembled Negro ministers, school teachers and social workers that "the manufacturing interests are giving us their wholehearted support in our fight to prevent this Anti-Christ from disturbing our beneficient social order with foul German drugs. If America

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CHRISTMAS: ITS ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE

By H. WALLACE THURMAN

Once more it is the Christmas season. Once more it is the season of good cheer and good hope. Once more it is the time when the spirit of gladness and good will invades the souls of all men and makes them temporarily joyful, charitable, and bountiful.

It is really a pity that the Christmas spirit has to be confined to such a small portion of the year. It is really a pity that the Christmas spirit can not be intrigued to prolong its visit. What a more pleasant world this might be could we all retain that magnaminous feeling of good fellowship and peace with all men that is characteristic of the Christmas time. And it is also a pity that the charitable organizations, and their donors who make Christmas a time of joy for the little children of the poor, do not realize that these same little children need nourishing food and delicacies every day in the year, and that they would also welcome gay festivities and gifts more than once a year. Some people believe that because they give to the poor at Christmas that they have completed their task, and turn a deaf ear to the pleas that come to them during other times.

When one watches people during the Christmas season one realizes more than ever that man is a creature of whimsical paradoxes, a creature of fleeting, ever changing moods. And one wonders what great force or what great influence is at work within the majority of the earth's people that causes such a sudden, albeit short, change in human nature as we see during the Christmas tide.

Christmas comes on the twenty-fifth day of December, and is supposed to commemorate the birth of Jesus Christ. Actually, like so many other ecclesiastical holidays, Christmas has been celebrated on many different dates and in many different ways. No one knows the exact date of the Christ child's birth. It was celebrated during the earlier periods, by different people, on the first, and the sixth of January, the twenty-ninth of March, and even on the twenty-ninth of September.

In the fourth century the season of the winter solstice or the season of the New Year was adopted as the period of celebration, but the western church began their New Year on the twenty-fifth of December, while the eastern church began theirs on the sixth of January. Toward the end of the fourth century Julius I, a Roman Pope, had his staff of scholars and savants do extensive research, but they could not find out anything new concerning the birth of Christ, and in the maze of tradition and myth connected with it nothing logical could be ascertained, so they decided upon the twenty-fifth of December as the most probable date.

Thus ever since the fourth century Christmas, or the birth of Christ, has been celebrated on that date although historians and astronomers have attempted to prove that this is not the true date of the nativity.

Before the Christian era there were similar celebrations at a similiar time in all the pagan countries. In Rome it was called the Saturnalia, a festival in honor of the god Saturn. During the course of this festival all moral barriers were thrown down. The god of joy, Bacchus Dionysius, reigned supreme. Even the slaves were given their temporary freedom, and in some cases were treated as equals by their masters. Work and business were suspended, houses were decorated with laurels and evergreen, presents were exchanged, and public games were held in which all the citizens participated. Also every sort of moral license was practiced and countenanced.

In the cold, bleak northland where the early Saxons, a fatalistic, pessimistic people lived, there was also held an annual festival in honor of their God Thor that corresponded with our Christmas. Indeed the custom of the burning of the Yule Log comes from them, and it is also from them that we inherited the use of the mistletoe. They had priests called Druids, who worshipped the mistletoe. These priests would go into the forest followed by the people singing and dancing, and when the mistletoe was found (they believed that it was dropped from heaven), they would build huge fires in which they burned cattle and men for sacrifices to the gods. This practice was also carried into England when the Saxons crossed over into that country, and remained an annual affair until replaced by the Roman Saturnalia when the Romans conquered the Anglo-Saxons, and substituted Roman customs for the old.

In the Persian Empires of the east the priests, who strangely were so like the old Druids, of England, conducted a similar festival during the winter solstice. And even in the more remote countries where the earlier history is almost a closed book can be found traces of a celebration, pagan and horrible to us today, yet which was most certainly the forerunner of our own Christmas.

Most authorities are inclined to believe that the early Christian ministers transferred these pagan celebrations to their own religion as a compromise, a sort of concession to attract converts. Thus traditions became identified with the church after they had been bereft of their uncivilized, revolting features.

As is to be expected this caused no end of trouble. Certain religious sects have continually denounced Christmas as being heathen, sacrilegious, and blasphemous. During the Puritan domination of England many laws were passed to abolish this old custom of commemorating Christmas. Anyone who was found not working or who happened to indulge in any form of festivity would be liable to a prison term, and is some cases where they persisted the culprits were beheaded in a nice Christian manner. The pilgrim fathers of our own country also punished people who were so indecorous as to celebrate the nativity of Christ, and even to this day the Calvinistic Baptist do not believe in or celebrate Christmas.

Despite all of this, despite the fact that most of our ideas of celebration have descended from pagan people, despite the fact that we do not know the exact date of the Christ Child's birth nor in fact are we certain that he was ever born, no one will hardly deny that the fleeting Christmas season is a veritable blessing to man. It is the one time in the year that Christians come the nearest to living up to their professed doctrines. Neighbors, heretofore inimical to one another, exchange gifts and delicacies. Wayward children and stubborn parents forget their difficulties. The rich remember that there are poor people deserving of their charity. The laborer and the middle class business man "stick together." It is the only time in the year when everyone has a smile for every one else. It is the time when everyone seems to be inspired to help their fellow man even if it only lasts a week. It is the greatest time to watch for the manifestations of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

The Christmas spirit that enters the hearts and souls of all men at this time coincides with my idea of religion. I like to think of it as not something tangible from which I shall ultimately receive material gain, but as something intangible, yet beautiful and forceful, capable of inspiring in me a greater love and regard for my fellow man.

Oh if only the Christmas spirit would and could inhabit the mind, soul, and body of all mankind throughout the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

Watch for Our

New Year Number

Shafts and Darts

(*Continued from page 396*)

is to continue her leadership of the nations of the world, it is necessary that there be two distinct groups of working people in order to keep the cost of production as low as possible. It is perfectly obvious that this damnable serum, if sold to the masses of our people, would force hundreds of intelligent, upstanding young Negroes, your sons and daughters, out of an environment of culture and ease into one of industry and toil (loud applause).

At this point a rough looking Negro near the rostrum rose and asked the speaker if this drug from Germany wouldn't solve the race problem much quicker than religion, education or uplift. Before the speaker could answer the intruder was seized by the infuriated mob of well dressed Negroes. At the hospital it was learned that he is suffering from internal and external injuries, but may recover.

Grand Potentate Koal, of the Universal Negro Improvement Jamboree, declared when interviewed that "Everything possible should be done to keep this man out of the country. This drug of his if sold widely to our people would disrupt the entire program of the U. N. I. J." When asked whether or not the masses of Negroes were favorably inclined toward the admittance of Dr. Hamburg and his "black-no-more" serum, he replied: "There is no way of determining the wishes of the masses of Negroes except through the leaders who speak for them, and who are opposed to this man's admission. Moreover, it would be dangerous to do so even if possible. The success of such organizations as the U. N. I. J. is largely due to the fact that we don't consult the rank and file—we only collect from them." This statement visibly met with the approval of several Negro Bishops who stood near.

Secretary Davis will meet more delegations tomorrow morning and his decision will be made known sometime in the afternoon. All the Negro leaders in the city last night were confident that he would order the German scientist deported.

Interviewed at Ellis Island today, Dr. Hamburg admitted that 999 is so powerful that it will change the entire complexion and features and hair of a Negro to that of a white man in less than seven days. "It completely changes the composition of the glands from which pigment is derived," he declared, "removes the kink from the most stubborn hair, and when applied to the face it reduces the size of the lips and nostrils." When advised of the formidable opposition of the Negro leaders and cultured classes to his admission, he was plainly astounded. "But why should they object?" he cried. "Am I not at one stroke solving the vexatious race problem?" A Negro attendant who was standing in the group was heard to mutter: "That's *just* why they object." This man refused to give his name, declaring that he feared reprisals.

NEW BOOKS

Les Noirs De L'Afrique (Avec 4 Cartes). Par Maurice Delafosse. Paris: Payot & Cie. Price 5 Fr.

Here is a book which gives the essential facts of African history, religions, intellectual and artistic manifestations, and the social customs of the natives in the compass of a few pages: 60 to be exact. And they are written in the usual Gaellic manner: clearly, tersely and logically. The first six of the ten chapters is an historical survey. Few people are aware that in the 10th and 11th Centuries powerful Negro states flourished: Ghana, Sosso, Timbuctoo, etc. Delafosse shows that in all essentials they were mere replicas *quasi* of our modern capitalistic powers.

The last chapters are condensations of the essential facts of African social and religious customs. Contrary to popular opinion in certain quarters, Mohammedanism is "far from being the numerically dominant religion." For save a few tribes in Northern Africa, and one or two on the East and West Coasts, the vast bulk of the population (excluding a few thousand Christians) is pagan. And in respect of Christianity: "It seems that there does not exist a single Negro tribe which has been wholly converted to Christianity." Delafosse says, and it is convenient to add, "that on the whole, even Mohammedan and Christian Negroes remain faithful to a good many of their ancestral beliefs, and many of their old pagan rites." Paganism is everywhere the dominant religion and deserves and demands close critical study. Many authors have confused the pagan worship of the African Negroes with fetichism. But that is only "one of the most apparent aspects of our universal superstition. We find fetichism in all religions, even the highest." The quintessence of African paganism is animism. But it is not dualistic. The African does not conceive of a good and bad spirit. And although he believes in a Supreme Being, he does not believe that that Being has any interest in a mere mortal. That is why he never worships a god.

Excellent bibliographies are at the end of each chapter, and the book is an excellent survey of African culture and history.

J. W. Evy.

* * *

The Woman I Am. By Amber Lee. Published by Thomas Seltzer, New York City. $2.00.

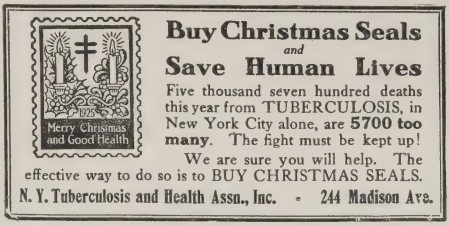
Prostitution has never horrified me; I accept it as a concomitant of civilization. True, one seldom thinks of it except it be in connection with street walkers and red light districts, but what of the more numerous cases of married prostitution where love has long since vanished—if it ever existed—and only grossly material considerations constitute the tie that binds? Or the widely prevalent intellectual prostitution of journalists, clergymen, politicians, and a hundred other professions?

Born a foundling and ending with a million dollars; enjoying to the fullest all the world has to offer in the form of luxury and refined surroundings; cool, clear-headed, blase and sophisticated (albeit occasionally disgusted with her role), Amber Lee might well be envied by the generality of good women who hide their regrets and secret desires behind moral postures and hypocritical allegiance to convention. And despite the fact that her life and loves are fully chronicled in this intensely fascinating and strangely gripping autobiography, I am sure there are hundreds of women who would gladly change places with her.

The book has, besides, sociological and psychological value in that it reveals the intimate lives and amorous activities of the big bankers, steel magnates, cotton brokers, manufacturers and other social parasites who are wont to deliver long lectures to college students, bible classes and Y. M. C. A.'s on the virtue of continence, the sanctity of the home, the glory of monogamy, etc., etc.

My hat is off to this accomplished gold digger who really *arrived*. Here she reveals her technique; here she shows the profits to be derived from sin more convincingly than could a squad of clergymen, a platoon of Salvation Army lassies, a battalion of vice crusaders or a regiment of home missionaries. I wish I knew Amber Lee.

George S. Schuyler.


1925
Merry Christmas
and Good Health
Buy Christmas Seals
and
Save Human Lives
Five thousand seven hundred deaths this year from TUBERCULOSIS, in New York City alone, are 5700 too many. The fight must be kept up!
We are sure you will help. The effective way to do so is to BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS.
N. Y. Tuberculosis and Health Assn., Inc. - 244 Madison Ave.

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

Washington, D. C.
November 15th, 1925.

My dear Mr. Lancaster:

Please find enclosed United States Money Order of $3.75, of which $2.00 for my monthly dues in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and $1.75 for one year's subscription to The Messenger.

Your comment in the New York Age on the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was timely and right to the point. As Mr. X says, we need more publicity in the white daily papers. This will have to be done by an outsider. The porters, as you know, cannot do it. We must get our women folk interested in our case. Some real race women to write a strong article for our movement. Get the different clubs and civic organizations to write for us.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters Union must go over the top. We must not weaken. We must not become discouraged. We must fight; we must agitate, content, persist, resist and persevere.

Mr. Green, President American Federation of Labor, says: "And your great problem is organization, education, mobilization of the great economic power of labor." He further states that he is going to "emphasize organization and yet more organization. That is an essential requirement, an essential necessity."

The time is fully ripe for a Union. The porters have a field all to themselves. No other race wants the job, no other race or class of men can give the efficient service as the colored man. The Filipino is only a scare crow.

I close here. Trusting that your health is good, and our cause is succeeding, I am,

Very truly yours,

A. PORTER.

Mr. Roy Lancaster,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Chicago, Ill.
11/14/25

Dear Sir:

Your letter was received and it found me well and indeed glad to hear from you and to know that you are well and doing well. Now, you need not have any fear of me giving up this fight, because I expect to hold my stand to the very last if God be my helper. You know, Mr. Randolph said nothing can stop the rising tide, and I say the same. I am out every day and part of the night preaching to the porters, and I mean to do this until the last man has signed, and that must be done.

To do this work we must keep the wheel rolling, and that is what I intend to do. This victory must be won and there is no chance of my getting tired. The sky is my limit, and I am doing all that I can to put this movement over the top, and I am going to show that can be done. The boys will start to fall in line pretty soon. They must fall in line, and you can depend on me as one who is going to hold on. I remain

Yours respectfully,

A. PORTER.

Chicago, Ill.
11-8-25

Dear Sir:

Please send to X six application blanks for self and friends of whom are porters in Chicago Eastern District, or inform me where I can secure same in Chicago.

I have been with the Pullman Company four years, and know the conditions, and I am using every effort to help put the thing over.

Will be obliged to get the information asked for in the above lines.

Very truly yours,

A. PORTER.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph. Tacoma, Washington.

Dear Sir:

Please send me some of your 14 Points so I can distribute them among the porters of the Seattle, Portland and Spokane District. I am positive that we can carry these three districts by 95 per cent for the Union. I meet so many of the porters and they tell me that they have not seen the 14 Points. I have only one and it is worn out from letting other porters read it.

I will send in my $5 as soon as I can within a few days. Please don't overlook us Pullman Porters away out West. Send all the reading matter out here that you can. Some of the porters are waiting for you to come out here to speak and some are waiting for you to come to organize. If you will send the papers, such as the 14 Points, and a few other porters will get busy and see the Pullman Porters of these three Districts, we will not wait for you to come out here.

Also I think it would be a good thing for you to get out some papers stating and making it plain for the porters not to wait for you to come to their district to organize them, but for them to send in their fee.

I will send my $5 in my next letter and I hope you will send me the papers so I can see that the other porters send theirs. It is the only way we will get our rights.

Yours truly,

A PORTER.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 23, 1925.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph.

Dear Sir:

I am sending you a little sample of a little folder which I thought of and I believe it will be a great help to all concerned in this work. There was never anything I wanted to go over before in my life as I do The Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters, and I am willing to do my part as a helper. Of course, I have to be careful, but I have some manhood about me.

I hope this will meet with your approval, and if you decide to put these pamphlets out, be sure and mail me a bunch and I will help to get the news all down South.

Yours for success,

A PORTER.

Raise the Pullmen Men

The Pullman porters need a raise,
Yes. siree!
These men behind it deserve praise,
Take it from me.
Everyone should fall in line,
Boost the movement,
Yelf it's fine!
More money for them Pullman boys
All along the line.

They scare make a living wage
As things stand.
A raise, regardless of the age
We now demand.
These are a loyal bunch of men,
They serve us all now and then,
So yell, "More pay,"
Yelf it again
For the Pullman men.

—Ann Lawrence.

Reply to the Argus

(*Continued from page* 384)

8. Do you want to cease depending on tips for a living?
9. Do you want to be treated like men?

PORTERS!

Don't be deceived by field days, octets, quartets and bands. If you are always singing, dancing, playing and laughing, you will do little or no thinking, and, consequently, you will be helpless and at the mercy of the Pullman Company. Besides, your own money pays for these things. You contribute your dollars in the hat, but the Company gets the credit, for they are a big and effective means of advertising the Company, for which it would be compelled to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars, if you did not supply it.

Porter-musicians ought to get musicians' pay when they do musicians' work; and, likewise with singers.

Don't be deceived by the so-called quarters. They are provided so that the Company will know where to lay hands on you when they want to double you out. The Company will field day, quartet and band you to death if you are willing to accept such flattery instead of decent wages. And there is absolutely no use whining, crying or denouncing the Pullman Company. You have your own self to blame. The Company is no fool. When it finds that you mean serious business; that you are in dead earnest, knowing your power, your worth, the attitude of public opinion, it will gracefully concede to treat with your organization, and if it does not, the United States Railroad Labor Board will compel it to. It will treat you no differently than it did the Pullman Car Conductors. But you have been children so long that the Pullman Company is slow to believe that you are in earnest about being real men.

Don't be deceived by the little, hand-picked, coached welfare workers. They are paid $150.00 per month to go around the country to oppose the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Such little Negroes like P. A. Sample of Jersey City, Davis and W. H. Boggs of Chicago, T. A. Crenshaw of St. Louis, J. D. Bannister of Philadelphia, and their ilk in other districts, whom you know too well, haven't got brains enough to come out of the rain. The Company is simply writing propaganda against the movement for them to sign.

Nor should you permit the hypocritical crocodile tears of Brother Perry Parker to bamboozle you. He is General Manager Hungerford's Perry, both from the fair State of Mississippi.

Also beware of such hat-in-hand compromisers as Hon. (?) Perry W. Howard, Special Assistant to the United States Department of Justice and recent appointee on the legal staff of the Pullman Company, and Roscoe (Cackling) Simmons, who speaks but says nothing, and these time-serving, worthless, ignorant Negro newspapers like the Whip, which once advised the porters to organize, but opposes organization now. Why? A half-page advertisement, etc., is the answer.

"We shall not fail—if we stand firm, we *Shall Not Fail*. Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes delay it; but sooner or later, the victory is sure to come," since our cause is just.

Send joining fee of $5.00 and $1.00 dues to headquarters, 2311—7th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

You will receive your membership card and dues card by return mail.

A. Philip Randolph, Editor of The Messenger, General Organizer.

A. L. Totten, Field Organizer.

"These 'Colored' United States"

(*Continued from page* 377)

possess a coherence and attachment for the old state that time and distance cannot destroy. After all, we love to be known as a South Carolinian. We have always had a large contingent of my fellow statesmen in Howard University. On an occasion some unworthy deed had been committed by a student, the South Carolina Club met to protect and defend the honor of its membership. The universal verdict was that "No South Carolinian could be guilty of such unbecoming conduct."

The Case Against Segregation

(*Continued from page* 391)

directly issues free licenses to the males of the majority group, than in New York and Massachusetts, where colored women still have at least technical protection and defense.

Segregation is necessarily unjust to the minority and has not been proven of any ultimate benefit to the majority. And this is true even where the majority in mere numbers, as in Mississippi and South Africa, is still a hopeless minority in wealth and power.

A. Philip Randolph Answers Perry Howard

(*Continued from page* 381)

are not buying privileges to wait in the hotels, without salaries. Where did you get any such idea? Don't you know the hotel waiters are organized?

You say that no Socialist has ever proposed a piece of legislation for colored people in this country.

That's a mere statement which has no basis of fact. But if it were true it would have no bearing on the question as to the right, value and necessity of Pullman porters organizing. This is not a political question, but an economic one. This movement has nothing to do with the Democratic, Republican, Socialist or Prohibition parties. This ought to be too obvious to require constant reiteration; for the persons who have not become Special Assistants to the United States Department of Justice and the paid representatives of the Pullman Company seem to understand it.

You say that my philosophy will convert the race into atheists, communists and agnostics.

This is unworthy of a man of your alleged intelligence. You ought to know better. It is so ridiculous, inane and preposterous that it hardly merits a decorous reply. It

(*Continued on page* 402)

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King Alfonso
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Well, of course, we really don't know WHAT magazine those people subscribed to, if any, but it IS a good list, isn't it?

But HERE is a list of prominent people who get THE MESSENGER every month. Only a FRACTION of the total, but indicative of the type of readers we have as subscribers.

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A. Philip Randolph Answers Perry Howard

(*Continued from page* 400)

is the last refuge of a man without arguments, principles or facts.

You ask, has not the MESSENGER been the mouthpiece of un-Americanism, whatever that is.

If to condemn mob-law, disfranchisement, peonage, all forms of segregation, and economic exploitation; if to denounce me-to-boss, hat-in-hand, hand-picked Negro leaders who haven't the backbone enough even to support a bill to make lynchings a federal crime, such as you failed to do at the criminal behest of Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, then the MESSENGER is un-American. May I say to you that the MESSENGER is the most significant and constructive contribution which the Negroes have made to political and economical thought in America.

You ask won't I admit that the mutual interdependence between capital and our labor is the economic bed-rock of our future in this country? I have no quarrel with capital. I merely object to the misuse and abuse of it by capitalsts. Since capital would be impotent without labor; since it can produce nothing alone, it is logical and fair that labor should receive a commensurate reward for the part it plays with capital in the joint production of wealth. It requires no genius to recognize the truth of this proposition.

Lastly, you ask why am I interested in the Pullman porters who have educated their children and bought homes out of the money they made on the Pullman cars?

In answer to this, may I say that it is a matter of common knowledge that my whole life has been devoted to the cause of organized labor and to the work of lecturing and writing on economic and socio-historical questions. It is no new work for me. May I ask why are you so interested in opposing a movement which will bring more bread and butter to the porters, their wives and children? Is it not a fact that you only became interested when you were hired and put on the pay-roll of the Pullman Company? Do you think it is an evidence of interest in the race for you to fight twelve thousand men who are struggling to raise their pay from $67.50 per month to a living wage?

The Steel Drivin' Man

(*Continued from page* 387)

"Dis ole hammah, Lawdy, Lawdy hit kilt John' Enry;
Kilt 'im dead, Lawd, Lawd, kilt 'im dead:—
O dis ole hammah, Lawdy, Lawdy, kilt John 'Enry;
But hit won't kill me, podnor,—no, Lawdy hit won't kill me."

No it won't Shine. There was only one John Henry. There will never be another. He is the Hero of the Graders!

Convention at Howard University

(*Continued from page* 395)

planned. Immediately after, the Xi Omega and Alpha chapters will receive the visiting delegates at the Sorority House.

Dec. 29th will include in its program an extended sight-seeing tour of Washington in the afternoon and a formal presentation in the evening. The tour will take in many of the Public Buildings, also Frederick Douglass' home in Anacostia and Arlington Cemetery where wreaths will be placed upon the graves of the Unknown Soldier and Colonel Young. The Presentation will be made to Dr. Anna J. Cooper of the Parchment from the University of the Sorbonne. Following this, there will be a reception to the delegates, members of the sorority and the public.

On the night of Dec. 30th will be held in the new Dining Hall, the formal dance for the organization and its friends.

The final affair on the evening of Dec. 31st will be a banquet in the Dining Hall for the hostesses and visiting delegates only.

Pullman Porters and Sleeping Car Porters Generally, Attention!

IF

You are tired of being treated like children instead of men;
You think you should work shorter hours;
You think your wages should be larger;
You are tired of doubling back;
You are sick of Company tyranny;
You have a backbone instead of a wish-bone—

THEN

Fill out this blank and mail it immediately to A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, General Organizer, BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS, 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Act today, don't delay.

Spread the Good News.

Membership is growing by leaps and bounds. :: :: SIGN UP!

Note—At the first big mass meeting held in New York City on August 25, 1925, attended by 500 enthusiastic Pullman porters, it was agreed that the name of no member of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters would be divulged until over 51% of the porters in the employ of the Pullman Company had been organized, the requirement of the U. S. Railway Labor Board. This protects you from Pullman Company tyranny until the union is strong enough. We want to get this number (51%) in the next 60 days. Big Meetings will soon be held at important terminal points. Watch for the notices.

There are still a few copies of the July and August numbers of THE MESSENGER *containing the famous articles on the Pullman porters. They are fifteen cents a copy; seventeen cents by mail. Send for them.*

.....1925

Gentlemen:

Please send me immediately an application blank for membership in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and all literature dealing with the movement to organize the porters into a strong union for, of, and by themselves.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

A Bit of History

(*Continued from page 385*)

day, not a single one of the porter delegates has been able to secure a copy of the minutes of that conference, although the conference voted unanimously that each delegate receive a copy, and, notwithstanding the fact, that innumerable requests have been made for same.

With their pride and manhood so brazenly flaunted and challenged, these brave men refused to give up the struggle. And so, on Thursday night, June 25, 1925, in the home of W. H. DesVerney, 150 W. 131st Street, New York City, a conference was held between Mr. A. L. Totten, Mr. Roy Lancaster, Mr. DesVerney and A. Philip Randolph, Editor of THE MESSENGER. This gathering was the result of an invitation sent out by Mr. DesVerney to the others above mentioned.

At this meeting a thorough discussion took place concerning the many problems confronting the porter employees of the Pullman Company. The questions were discussed pro and con. Mr. Lancaster, who at that time was under charges by the Pullman Company, and, being a loyal servant of the Company, as all other porters are, was somewhat reluctant to fully express himself but preferred to await the outcome of his case.

It was here decided, however, that some course of action was necessary if the porters were to be relieved from the oppressive conditions under which they were laboring. An independent Union of the Porters was settled upon as the only means. Whereupon Mr. Totten, Mr. Lancaster and Mr. DesVerney decided to constitute themselves the nucleus of such a union to be known as "The Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters." It was thus that this great organization first saw the light of day and began its history-making record in the fight to free the Pullman Porters of the U. S. from the chains of starvation wages and subdued manhood.

A few more conferences were held at which further plans were made and perfected. At this stage, Mr. Lancaster was summarily dismissed from the service; this fact had a remarkable effect on his colleagues, and like one man, they resolved to stand united and go through with their plans to the very end. Together they decided that Mr. Lancaster could be used as a very effective instrument in promoting the organization of the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters; he was accordingly sent out in the field of action to become, as it were, the first soldier in the Pullman porters' army of liberation.

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The Little Christ Child Jesus

The Christ child born in a manger
On that Christmas long ago
Is still to us a stranger
If His love we do not know;
Nor yet His tender mercy,
How He bled on Calvary,
The little Christ Child Jesus
Who died for you and me.

Why make of Him a stranger?
He's just the same today
As when the Star of Bethlehem
Led the wise men where He lay.
Then hear Him as he is knocking
And turn Him not away,
The Little Christ Child Jesus,
He is just the same today.

—ANN LAWRENCE.

The Sorrow Songs of the Blacks

"The sorrow songs of the blacks" is the essence of a critical symposium in **"Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life"** for November. In it Carl Van Vechten reviews James Weldon Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals," Alain Locke reviews Balanta Taylor's "Saint Helena Spirituals," Miss Ruth Pearson reviews Dorothy Scarborough's "On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs." In addition there will be articles: "Race Relations and the School System," by Lester B. Granger; "Zigzagging Through Dixie," by Albon Holsey, and "A Note on the Sociological Background of Negro Literature," by Fred De Armond. Also poems by Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps, Sterling Allen and others.

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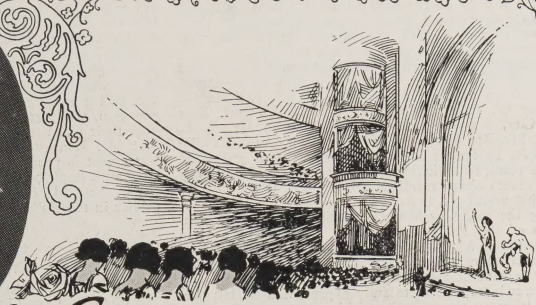

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